Sir Jogie Rajal 1817

THE Sporting Magazine

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

of the

Transactions of

THE TURF THE CHACE

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOLUME THE TWELTH.

LONDON.

Printed for the PROPRIETOR, *and Sold by* J. WHEBLE,

N.° 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane near S.t Pauls.

MDCCXCVIII.

THE SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For APRIL, 1798.

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Embellished with an Engraving of the EARL OF DARLINGTON'S DOG KENNEL, at Raby Castle, and an Etching by Mr. Howit, of COMMODORE TRUNNION'S HUNTING ADVENTURE, as related in Peregrine Pickle.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS;

And sold by J. WHEBLE, No. 18, Warwick Square, Warwick Lane, near St. Paul's; at John Hilton's Newmarket; and by every Bookseller and Stationer in Great Britain and Ireland.

more than a hundred horsemen were peremptorily restrained by the yeomen prickers from following the deer without hounds, not conceiving the latter to be at all necessary to the real pleasure of the chace. Clear of a crowd, composed of every thing that imagination can devise, the deer broke view with all possible celerity, by doubling and passing Swinley, Englemoor Pond, the King's Kennel, and to Hatchet Lane End; here topped the paling of Lindergreen's Park, (at which time three distinct teams of horsemen reached each a mile and an half over the heath in different directions) through which the leading part of the pack rallied him without a check; over the dry fallows to Charidge he gained ground, but was proportionably run up to in the pastures of Folijambe Park, where the old sportsmen and two or three couple of hounds had him in view. This he broke by a succession of lofty leaps near New Lodge, and exultingly reached the left verge of Cranbourne Wood, which he skirted; declined its promising shelter, and preferring the uncertainty of fate, boldly faced the danger of an open country, through the greens of Fifield and common fields of Oakly, when, crossing the Thames between Monkey Island and Boveney, he landed upon Dorney Common. During the check at crossing the Thames, upwards of two hundred horsemen got up, and constituted a formidable aggregate, which moving in irregular cavalcade, proceeded through Windsor and Eton, till coming to where the deer had landed, they rendered the use of hounds unnecessary, for by the foot and continued chain of view halloo's from the agriculturean heroes employed with their teams, they hunted, or rather baited him by Salt Hill and Lord Chesterfield's to the right, and over the turnpike road near the Dolphin to Lord Beaulieu's at Ditton Park, Wyrardsbury Copper Mills, and Horton Common, where, being either completely up, or feeling a certain degree of resentment at the degradation of dignity to which he was become subject, he passed through the barn of Farmer May, jumped into a hogstie, and took refuge amongst the pigs. After such a chace (if chace it may be termed) of three hours, as most likely may have never been seen by any sportsman existing, and to do justice to the lights and shades of which, is very much beyond the power of pen to describe, or pencil to delineate.

Thursday (the 12th) a maiden deer was turned out at Tower Hill before his Majesty and one of the thinnest fields ever seen upon a similar occasion; the yeomen prickers and Royal retinue being all who attended, and to those it proved a chace of disappointment; for crossing the Heath, and going through Bagshot, he was taken at Chobham West end, after a mere canter of four or five miles only.

On Saturday (14th) the deer, called "Easter Monday," so named from his wonderful chace of last year, was turned out at the same place before his Majesty, Lord Sandwich, General Gwynne, Colonel Manners, Mr. Villars, and about fourscore horsemen, going off in capital stile; and pointing for his old country, he was headed by a sheep dog upon the heath, and turned suddenly for King's Beech, crossed the Wells, through Sunning Hill Park, Hatchet Lane, Charidge, Folijambe Park to Holyport; bore to the right by Gloucester Lodge through Cranbourne Wood, topped the paling of Windsor Great Park, the whole of which

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he crossed in a direct line to the point of Old Windsor Wood, where the immense height of the brick wall compelled him to make a-head, and laid him open to a slight view. This he undauntedly broke by leading the chace an oblique "*hark back!*" of two miles; when doubling, he renewed his original point, and again reached Old Windsor Wood, where they rallied him so close to his haunches, that he once more bid them adieu, topped the paling of eight feet high, and passed through the inclosures to the Thames, which he swam through near the Bells of Oasley, within a mile and an half of where he was taken, (in a stable at Horton) after one of the best and least fluctuating pursuits of the season. A violent storm of rain came on about half an hour after the hounds were laid on; this very much enlivened the chace in respect to the scent, which laying well, the hounds enjoyed it proportionally, and went breast high without a check, encouraging the field to lay by the side of them, which the company in general did in better stile than we have observed during any one chace of the season. His Majesty also never enjoyed a day with greater glee, or in higher spirits, being at the side of the Thames in less than five minutes after the deer had crossed the water; at which time the chace had continued just three hours without more than two or three trifling and meer momentary interruptions.

On Saturday, April 21, his Majesty hunted at Tower Hill: after an excellent run the deer was taken near Cove, in Hampshire.

The general dryness of the country, and the advanced state of the season, will contract the sport to a few heath hunts, when it will finally close till the re-commencement on Holyrood day, September 25, when we hope to renew our intelligence with the unsullied authority that has so long afforded us the priority in this particular species of information.

BERKELEY HOUNDS.

On Wednesday the 28th ult. the Berkeley hounds threw off at Binfield, during a severe rain, and tried several coverts without success, but at length unkennelled at Billingbear, the seat of Lord Braybrooke, and went off with their game (close at his brush) to Shottisbrook great wood, through which they stuck to him, in a stile beyond description. Finding no chance of shelter, he again faced the open country, and boldly relied on his speed for the preservation of life; crossed the common by the Hazes, and through the chain of coverts and park of Billingbear, Broad Common, Ashridge Wood, and Bill Hill, pointing for Barkham, where, finding the scent lay too well, for even a probability of escape, and his strength failing under so severe and persevering a burst, he was compelled to make a short turn to recover the small coverts; which affording not a moment's respite, he fell a victim to the pack, after an hour and twenty minutes of the best racing (without even a check of one instant) ever known with any fox hounds in that country.

On Monday, April 2, the above hounds threw off at Ruslip with a very large field, and unkennelled in high stile, the fox breaking covert, and crossing the common in view of the company, barely breaking view of the hounds; after covering a considerable scope of country, and the hounds laying well at him with a good scent for more than an hour,

hour, his sagacity proved superior to their speed, and he bids fair to wait the sporting attention of a future season. Trying for a second, they soon unkennelled in a furze field near Lady Finche's, at Harefield, which having afforded a repetition of the first good run, beat the hounds also; a most uncommon thing with hounds of so much excellence, and whose success during the season may have been equalled, but not exceeded.

On Wednesday they had a short run at Cashiobury, and on Saturday finished their season between Stanmore and Harrow.

SPORTING SUBJECTS, WITH THOSE OF NATURAL HISTORY, &C. &C.

In the Exhibition at the Royal Academy, in the year 1798, numbered from the Catalogue.

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5. PORTRAIT of Lord Paget, the horse by S. Gilpin, R.A. Elect. J. Hoppner, R. A.

25. American bears, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

35. Farm-yard, with horses, C. Gessner.

41. Horses watering by moonlight, C. Gessner.

43 Groupe of birds, J. Sillet.

50. Landscape with horses, R. Corbould.

53. A carriage and horses entering a ferry-boat on the river Leck, in Holland; the figures and horses are portraits, R. N. Reinagle, jun.

55. Cattle in a storm, J. Ward.

91. A pig stie, C. Catton, jun.

116. Portrait of a chaise-horse, J. N. Sartorius.

117. Cattle, J. Ward.

121. Portrait of a hackney, J. N. Sartorius.

126. Skirmish between English Light Horse and French Dragoons, C. Gessner.

127. Carting dung, C. Catton, jun.

135. A white monkey from Africa, Miss C. Reinagle.

136. An old horse, C. Catton, jun.

137. An ass and foal, C. Catton, jun.

143. The village of Stornaway, with a shooting lodge, on the Isle of Lewis, on the N. E. of Scotland, J. Barret.

146. Portrait of a hunter, H. B. Chalon.

152. Lion hunt, T. Stothard, R. A.

154. An ox, C. Catton, jun.

170. Figures and cattle, in a landscape, Sir F. Bourgeois, R. A.

172. Portrait of an Alderney cow, J. Ward.

173. Portrait of a Southern hound, belonging to the Witney hunt, T. Bennet.

174. Portrait of a hunter, T. Gooch.

187. Pigs, S. Woodin.

188. The sportsman's refreshment. R. Nodder.

201. Portrait of a cocking spaniel, S. Edwards.

209. Lion and tiger fighting, J. Ward.

211. Portraits of Devonshire cattle, in the possession of Sir Henry Mildmay, Bart. S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

213. Portrait of a dog, J. Northcote, R. A.

228. Portrait of a dog, T. Gooch.

243. Portraits of horses, the property of the Hon. George Pitt, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

244. Portrait of an old hunting mare, J. N. Sartorios.

252. A pheasant, Miss E. Brown.

259. A hare, Rev. H. Chatfield, H.

266. Tiger-hunting in the East Indies, T. Daniell, A.

275. A

275. A dog from Botany Bay, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

283. Barbary sheep, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

288. Landscape with sheep, B. Zoble.

293. Portrait of a blood mare, T. Gooch.

315. The dead ass, from Sterne, J. Wingfield.

318. Portrait of a fast trotting horse, J. N. Sartorius.

319. Landscape with cows, B. Zoble.

336. Two monkeys, J. Northcote, R. A.

423. Portrait of a horse, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

427. Portraits of Dutch pugs, S. Gilpin, R. A. Elect.

444. View in Switzerland, with horses watering, C. Gessner.

463. A dissection of the bone and cartilages of a horse's foot, for the Veterinary College, intended for publication, Kirtland.

480. A girl with sheep, a Young Lady, H.

535. A knife-grinder, his equipage, and a skittish horse, J. Morse, Esq. H.

542. Portrait of a Shetland poney, belonging to the Duchess of Dorset, H. B. Chalon.

544. A scene in harvest; a reaper having, inadvertently, killed with his sickle some young partridges lodged in the corn, they are found, and lamented by his children, W. M. Craig.

550. Study of a Cow, W. M. Craig.

554. Study in a Farm-yard, W. M. Craig.

558. Landscape with cattle, J. Landon, Esq. H.

559. Ploughing, C. Catton, jun.

560. Portrait of Miss A. Goldsmid and dog, A. W. Devis.

565. The King's fisher—a study from nature, A Gentleman, H.

593. Portrait of a setter just finding the game, Mr. G. Tappen, H.

628. Landscape, cattle, and figures, T. Taylor.

632. A landscape, with a hunt on the second ground, B. West, R. A.

648. Portrait of Mr. Westcar's fat heifer, J. N. Sartorius.

649. Portrait of a horse, H. B. Chalon.

666. Portrait of a very old horse, J. N. Sartorius.

671. Portrait of Mr. Sheridan's horse Billy, J. Mease.

711. Portrait of a hunter belonging to Lord Heathfield, H. B. Chalon.

743. Portrait of a trotting horse, S. Edwards.

935. Design for a shooting box, T. Dearn.

948. Design for a hunting lodge, Harvey, jun.

975. Model of a pointer, the property of Sir Charles Turner, G. Garrard.

1025. Design for a hunting villa, C. Edmonds.

1048. Bass-relief, Duncan's horses, from a sketch by Mr. Gilpin, G. Garrard.

1049. Bass-relief, a lion, lioness, and whelps, G. Garrard.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ONE evening, about the middle of March last, having laid down our bucks in the river Loddon, near the house, upon searching for them a few days afterwards, we missed one; supposing it was carried down by the flood, which had happened the day before, we thought no more of it; but some time after, the miller having stopped the water, upon searching again, we discovered the buck about one hundred yards below the spot

ſpot we had formerly placed it, turned with the mouth *up* the ſtream; and, upon taking it up, to our great ſurpriſe, we found in it a full grown otter. From the putrid ſtate it was in, it muſt have lain a week or more; it had attempted to gnaw its way out, as we perceived by a hole in the buck, but the current running ſo very ſtrong againſt it, prevented its retreat. There were four or five roach and dace alive in the buck.

The inſertion of the above, I may ſay, ſingular occurrence, in any manner you think proper, will much oblige a conſtant reader of your entertaining Magazine.

J. G. D.

Berkſhire, April 27, 1798.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27.

LACAUSSADE *v.* WHITE.

MR. Gibbs ſtated, that this was an action upon a wager. The declaration ſtated, that in conſideration that the Plaintiff had given to the Defendant, One Hundred Pounds, he, the Defendant, undertook to return to the Plaintiff, Three Hundred Pounds, if articles of peace between this country and France were not ſigned within a given time, which was paſſed. This action was tried before Lord Kenyon at the laſt ſittings at Weſtminſter; he, (Mr. Gibbs ſaid,) objected to the Plaintiff's recovering any thing in this action; but Mr. Garrow, on the part of the Plaintiff, contended, that his client had a right to recover the depoſit at leaſt, and of that opinion was the noble and learned Judge. That was a point on which there were contradictory deciſions; and he thought that the caſe was reſerved for him to argue, but he found it to be otherwiſe; that might be the miſtake of the aſſociate, for he certainly he underſtood it; but, however, he might move for a new trial, and that would bring the queſtion on to be argued.

Lord Kenyon ſaid, that the only caſe in which the Plaintiff could not recover the depoſit upon an illegal wager was, where the undertaking was *malum in ſe*. He thought that the agreement between the parties in this caſe was an illegal agreement; but he thought that the depoſit might be recovered. He had entered in his note book at the time the cauſe was tried—"I thought the agreement illegal; but Mr. Gibbs is to move for a new trial."

After a few words from Mr. Gibbs and Mr. Garrow, the Court delivered it as their opinion, that an action was maintainable for the depoſit money in an illegal wager; and that therefore the verdict for the One Hundred Pounds in this caſe was right. It had been held that the depoſit money may be recovered upon a boxing match.—Rule refuſed.

BALOON.

THE intended experiment of Citizen Garnerin, at Paris, was made on the 20th ult. and completely ſucceeded. The grand baloon, after being let looſe, roſe in the atmoſphere, carrying with it a parachute attached to a cage of baſket-work, which contained a ſheep. At the height of about two hundred and fifty toiſes, the baloon made an exploſion and took fire. The parachute then ſeparating from it, unfolded itſelf majeſtically, without any oſcilation, and fell towards the *Rue du Fauxbourg Honore*. The animal was ſoon after carried back to the *Park de Moupeaux*, and on being examined, was found not to have ſuſtained the ſmalleſt injury.

THE

THE ART OF ANGLING.

(*Continued from page* 313.)

A description of the fish generally angled for in England, with the proper times and seasons to fish for them; their peculiar haunts, spawning time, and most killing baits, &c.

THE SALMON.

THE Salmon breeds in gentle streams of rivers, where the bottom is fine gravel or sand. They commonly spawn in October, and the young become samlets the following year. The milter and spawner having performed their office, betake themselves to the sea, and we are told that when they have been obstructed in their passage, they have grown so impatient, that clapping their tail to their mouths, with a sudden spring, they have leaped clear over wears, and other obstacles which stood in their way, and some by leaping short have by that means been taken. If they happen to meet with such impediments that they cannot get to sea, they become sick, lean, and pine away and die in two years: but if they spawn in the mean time, from thence proceeds a small salmon, called a Skegger, which never grows large.

The principal rivers in England for salmon are, 1st, The Thames, whose salmon beat all others for taste and flavour, the Severn, and the Trent; the Lon at Lancaster, about Cockersand Abbey; at Wirkinton in Cumberland, Bywell in Northumberland, Durham, and Newcastle on Tine, the Dee in Cheshire, and the rivers Usk and Wye in Monmouthshire. He bites best about three in the afternoon, in May, June, July and August, if the water be clear, and a little breeze of wind stirring: especially if the wind and stream are contrary. You must fish for him like a trout, with a worm, fly, or minnow, or lob-worm is an excellent bait for him, well scoured in moss, which makes it tough, clear and lively. When you have struck him, he will plunge and bounce in the water very much; therefore it is necessary to have a strong rod, ringed the same as a trowling rod, and a winch, with a strong line on it forty yards long, with which length, and proper playing him, you may kill the largest sized one. He has not a constant residence like a trout, but removes often, and you should always angle for him as near the spring head as possible, in the deepest and broadest parts of the river, near the ground. Put two large lob-worms on at a time, and you may fish without a float, that is, with a running line. Let one yard next to your hook be gimp, and your hook a proper sized salmon-hook.

N. B. When I come to treat of fly fishing, the proper flies for the salmon, &c. will be clearly expressed.

The Trout.

The Trout is a delicious fresh-water fish, speckled with red and yellow; coming in and going out of season with the buck, and spawning in the cold months of October and November, whereas all other fishes spawn in the hot summer months. There are several species of this fish, all valued very much: but the best are the red and yellow; and of these the female distinguished by a less head and deeper body, is preferred; by the largeness of their backs you may know when they are in season, which may serve as a rule for all other fishes. All winter long they are sick, lean, and unwholesome, and frequently lousy. As the spring advances, deserting the still deep waters, they repair to the gravelly ground, against which they continue to rub, till they have got rid of their lice, which are a kind of

of worm, with large heads; from that time they delight to be in sharp streams, and such as are very swift; where they lie in wait for minnows, May flies, &c. The latter part of May they are in the highest perfection. He is usually caught with a worm, minnow, or fly, either natural, or artificial; the different baits for him are the earth-worm, dung-worm, and the maggot, or gentle, but the best are the lobworm and brandling. His haunts are, in purling brooks, running very swiftly over chalk-stones, gravel, &c. he is oftener taken in the side of the stream, than in it, though the large ones are often caught in the deepest part of it. He delights to shelter himself behind large stones, or small banks, that hang over the river, and which the stream runs against and creates a foam; also in the eddies between two streams; his hold is usually under the roots of trees, and in hollow banks in the deepest parts of rivers. When you angle for him at the ground, let the link of your line, next the hook, be the best silk worm gut you can provide; and have a nice elastic rod, which will enable you to strike true, and to feel him when he bites. Angle for him with a running line, and begin at the upper part of the stream, carrying your line with an upright hand, and feeling your lead run on the ground about ten inches from the hook, leading your line according to the swiftness of the stream; as before directed. If you bait either with one, or two worms, follow the manner of baiting with them which I have laid down in the rules, and you will run on the ground without being entangled.

There is a very killing method likewise for a large trout: make a pair of wings of the feather of a land-rail, and point your hook with one or more cadis's; your hook should be bristled, that is, when you whip on your hook fasten a hog's bristle under the silk, with the end standing out about a straw's breadth at the head of the hook, from under the silk, and pointing towards the line, by which means the head of the cadis will be kept close to the wings: angle with a rod about five yards long, and a line about three; cast the wings and cadis up the stream, which will drive it down under the water towards the lower part of the hole; then draw it up the stream very gently, though irregularly, at the same time shaking your rod, and in a few casts you will be sure to hook him, if there is one in the hole. You may angle the same way with two brandlings. If you use two cadis's with the wings, run your hook in at the head and out at the neck of the first, and quite through the other head from head to tail.

The minnow is the most excellent of all baits for the trout; when you fish with one, choose the whitest, and middle-sized ones, these being the best, and you must place him on your hook in such a manner, that being drawn against the stream he may turn round The best way of baiting with the minnow is thus: put your hook in at his mouth, and out at his gill, drawing it through about three inches; then put the hook again into his mouth, and let the point and beard come out at his tail; then tie the hook and his tail about with a fine white thread, and let the body of the minnow be almost strait on the hook; then try if it turns well, which it cannot do too fast. Angle with the point of your rod down the stream, drawing the minnow up the stream by little and little, near the top of the water. When the trout sees the bait he will come most fiercely at it, but be careful not to snatch it away,

away, which at first you may be apt to do; and never strike till he has turned with the bait.

N. B. In this way of angling, a rigged rod is to be always used, with a winch for your line, which should have two or three swivels on it; by which means the minnow will spin the better.

The rivers most famous for trout are, the Kennet near Hungerford, in Berkshire; the Stower in Kent; which runs through Canterbury, and is said to breed the best trouts in the south east of England; those in the Wandle, near Cashalton in Surrey; the Amerly in Sussex; the Dove, Wye, Lathkin, and Bradford, in Derbyshire; Ribbel and Irk, in Lancashire; and in the Usk and Wye in Monmouthshire, are accounted excellent trouts: but to speak impartially, no one can absolutely determine in what particular river or brook are the most and best trouts. This however is certain, that trouts are better or worse, bigger or less, according to the nature of the soils on which the river runs: pure, clear, transparent streams, running on rocks, pebbles, or more especially limestones or flints, are experimentally found to breed, and afford the most delicate and best trouts.

The Grayling, or Umber.

This fish has different names given it, according to the different parts of England where it is found; he is by no means a general fish, and what anglers seldom meet with, except in the rivers Dove and Trent, and some other small streams, particularly in that which runs by Salisbury. The haunts of the grayling are nearly the same as the trout; and in fishing for either of them, you may catch both. They spawn the beginning of April, when they lie mostly in sharp streams; in December he is in his prime, at which time his gills and head are blackish, and his belly dark grey, studded with black spots. He bites very freely, but is often lost when struck, his mouth being very tender. Angle for him about mid water, he being much more apt to rise than descend; and when you angle for him alone, and not for the trout also, use a quill float, with the bait about six or seven inches from the ground. He takes brandlings, gilt-tails, meadow worms, gentles, &c but the most excellent bait for him in March or April is the tag-tail. He is found in the Humber, and in all the rivers which run into it, and he rises more freely at the fly, than even the trout.

The Carp.

The carp is allowed to be the queen of fresh water fishes (as the salmon is the king) and lives longer than any other fish (except the eel) out of its element. They breed several times in one year; but their first spawning time is in May. Mr. Ray assures us that in Holland they have a speedy way of fattening them, by hanging them up in a net in a cellar, and feeding them with bread and milk. Patience is highly necessary for every one to be endowed with, who angles for carps, on account of their sagacity and cunning; their haunts are in the deepest parts of ponds and rivers, and in the latter where the stream runs slow. When the weather in April, May, June, July, and August is hot and fine, you cannot be too early, or late at the sport. He seldom refuses the red worm in April, the caddis in May, or the grasshopper in June, July, and August. You must angle for him with a strong rod and line, a quill float, and strong gut at bottom; the hook in the medium of size; being a leather-mouthed fish he seldom breaks his hold, if your tackle is strong, and you play him properly. But whenever you intend

tend to fish for him particularly, and in good earnest, over night lay in a ground bait of garbage; as chickens guts, blood mixed with cow-dung, or any coarse paste: also ale grains and blood incorporated with clay, and at the same time that you throw any of these ground baits in, plumb the ground to two depths, (for it is best to angle for carps with two rods,) one about mid-water, the other four or five inches from the ground. The next morning lay your lines in very cautiously and success will attend you. Gentles are very good baits for the carp, also a paste made of honey and bread, and one made with bread and water alone, tinctured with red lead, but nothing in my opinion beats a green pea, having killed more with that than any other bait.

In fine sun-shiny days, carps will often prime about noon, and swim about the edges of a pond, to catch such flies as fall upon the surface of the water: let the angler then take a strong rod, and pliable at the top, a strong line, and a hook large enough for a lob-worm; then finding a place free from weeds, about the compass of the crown of a hat, let him drop his bait without a float, and with only one large shot upon the line, which he must lodge upon the leaf of some adjoining weed, so that the bait may not be above eight inches in the water; then retiring, but so as to keep his eye upon the shot, let him wait till he sees it taken away, with about a foot of the line, and then strike: when he has hooked his fish, let him keep him tight, and not suffer him to entangle himself among the weeds; but either draw him out by main force, or pull him into a clear place, and there kill him.

Another way is as follows: throw in six or eight slices of bread, to be carried by the wind, and in a short time, it is probable, you will see many fishes feeding upon them; if not, crumble a little very small, and cast it in where the slices rest, which will be a means of making them find the pieces at the top; which when you have suffered them to feed on, take a very long rod, strong line, and middle-sized hook, with one shot placed just above it, and bait it with about the size of a large horse-bean of the upper crust of a rasped French roll, and you may pick out what quantity and size you please, by dropping your bait before the largest carp, as he is feeding on the slices at the top.

N. B The foregoing methods are excellent ones, and great numbers of carp may be taken by them in ponds which are well stocked.

(To be continued.)

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER OF PEREGRINE PICKLE,

With a humourous Etching by Mr. Howit.

Preparations are made for the Commodore's wedding, which is delayed by an accident that hurried him the Lord knows whither.

THE fame of this extraordinary conjunction spread all over the country; and on the day appointed for their espousals, the church was surrounded with an inconceivable multitude. The commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant.

Howitt i. et f.

Vide Peregrine Pickle Chapter 8th.

COMMODORE TRUNNION.

tenant. With this equipage then he ſet out from the garriſon for the church, after having diſpatched a meſſenger to apprize the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of aſſignation, where ſeveral pews were demoliſhed, and divers perſons almoſt preſſed to death, by the eagerneſs of the crowd that broke in to ſee the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the prieſt in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the commodore, at whoſe ſlowneſs they began to be under ſome apprehenſion, and accordingly diſmiſſed a ſervant to quicken his pace. The valet having rode ſomething more than a mile, eſpied the whole troop diſpoſed in a long field, croſſing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who finding himſelf hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the ſame direction, fired a piſtol, and ſtood over to the other ſide, making an obtuſe angle with the line of his former courſe; and the reſt of the ſquadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other, like a flight of wild geeſe.

Surprized at this ſtrange method of journeying, the meſſenger came up, and told the commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a conſiderable time, and were beginning to be very uneaſy at his delay; and therefore deſired he would proceed with more expedition. To this meſſage Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you ſee we make all poſſible ſpeed? Go back, and tell thoſe who ſent you, that the wind has ſhifted ſince we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very ſhort trips in tacking, by reaſon of the narrowneſs of the channel; and that as we lie within ſix points of the wind, they muſt make ſome allowance, for variation and lee-way."—"Lord, Sir!" ſaid the valet, "what occaſion have you to go zig-zag in that manner? Do but clap ſpurs to your horſes, and ride ſtraight forward, and I'll engage you ſhall be at the church porch in leſs than a quarter of an hour."—"What! right in the wind's eye?" anſwered the commander. "Ahey, brother! where did you learn your navigation? Hawſer Trunnion is not to be taught, at this time of day, how to lie his courſe, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you beſt know the trim of your own frigate." The courier finding he had to do with people who would not be eaſily perſuaded out of their own opinions, returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had ſeen and heard, to the no ſmall conſolation of the bride, who had begun to diſcover ſome ſigns of diſquiet. Compoſed, however, by this piece of intelligence, ſhe exerted her patience for the ſpace of another half hour, during which period ſeeing no bridegroom arrive, ſhe was exceedingly alarmed; ſo that all the ſpectators could eaſily perceive her perturbation, which manifeſted itſelf in frequent palpitations, heart heavings, and alterations of countenance, in ſpite of the aſſiſtance of a ſmelling bottle, which ſhe inceſſantly applied to her noſtrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occaſion: ſome imagined he had miſtaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church ſince he firſt ſettled in that pariſh; others believed he had met with ſome accident, in conſequence of which his attendants had carried him back to their own houſe; and a third ſet, in which the bride herſelf was thought to be comprehended, could

not

not help suspecting that the commodore had changed his mind. But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this: the commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and his lieutenant bestrode. These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound, than eager for the chace, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-leaped hedges and ditches, and every thing in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders. The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop, hailed him with the salutation of "What chear? ho!" The commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faultering voice, "O, d—n you! you are safe at anchor; I wish to God I were as fast moored." Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back, until providence should interpose in his behalf. With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pummel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in his seat, and grinning most formidably, in consequence of this exertion. In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all on a sudden his view was comforted by a five bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end. But, alas! he reckoned without his host; far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest, that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil. He recommended himself to God, his reflection forsook him, his eye-sight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition. Neither was their surprize to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on in honour of his nuptials his best coat of blue broad cloth, cut by a taylor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance both in colour and shape to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of

his

his pummel appeared a rusty pistol rammed in a case covered with a bear skin. The loss of his tie-periwig and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lanthorn jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole. Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chace, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he in a few minutes outstripped every hunter in the field. There being a deep hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw this phenomenon fly over his carriage. This was not the only adventure he atchieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore. This sudden immersion into an element of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of his rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chace that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of this first pause to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was, by their condescension, safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket, and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cogniac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of participation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly compleated his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd: while some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprizing appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant*; and at length, one of the gentlemen accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked if he had not dropped his companion by the way. "Why, look ye, brother," replied the commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but

this

this here is the case, d'ye see: I weighed anchor from my own house this morning at ten A. M. with fair weather, and a favourable breeze at S. S. E. being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony: but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of bitches of horses, which I had bought but two days before, (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate) luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good birth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quick-sands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank God, am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such a hare'um-scare'um blood of a bitch again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, d—n my eyes!"

One of the company, struck with this name, which he had often heard, immediately laid hold on his declaration at the close of this singular account; and observing that his horses were very vicious, asked how he intended to return. "As for that matter," replied Mr. Trunnion, "I am resolved to hire a sledge, or waggon, or such a thing as a jack ass; for I'll be d—n'd if ever I cross the back of a horse again."—"And what do you propose to do with these creatures?" said the other, pointing to the hunters, "they seem to have some mettle; but then they are mere colts, and will take the devil and all of breaking. Methinks this hinder one is shoulder-slipped."—"Damn them!" cried the commodore, "I wish both their necks were broke, thof the two cost me forty good yellow boys."—"Forty guineas!" exclaimed the stranger, who was a squire and a jockey, as well as owner of the pack, "Lord! Lord! how a man may be imposed upon! Why, these cattle are clumsy enough to go to plough; mind what a flat counter; do but observe how sharp this here one is in the withers: then he's fired in the farther fetlock." In short, this connoisseur in horse-flesh, having discovered in them all the defects which can possibly be found in that species of animals, offered to give him ten guineas for the two, saying, he would convert them into beasts of burden. The owner, who (after what had happened) was very well disposed to listen to any thing that was said to their prejudice, implicitly believed the truth of the stranger's asseverations, discharged a furious volley of oaths against the rascal who had taken him in, and forthwith struck a bargain with the squire, who paid him instantly for his purchase; in consequence of which he won the plate at the next Canterbury races.

This affair being transacted to the mutual satisfaction of both parties, as well as to the general entertainment of the company, who laughed in their sleeves at the dexterity of their friend, Trunnion was set upon the squire's own horse, and led by his servant in the midst of this cavalcade, which proceeded to a neighbouring village, where they had bespoke dinner, and where our bridegroom found means to provide himself with another hat and wig.[1] With regard to his marriage, he bore his disappointment with the temper of a philosopher; and the exercise he had undergone having quickened his appetite, sat down at table in the midst of his new acquaintance, making

making a very hearty meal, and moistening every morsel with a draught of the ale, which he found very much to his satisfaction.

COVENT GARDEN FRACAS.

MR. ENGLAND AND CAPTAIN FOSTER.

THE following is the Newspaper controversy between the two gentlemen above-mentioned.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ORACLE.

SIR,

Society has reason to lament, that the more a man's general demeanour shews him to be averse to quarrels, and ready to a certain extent, to overlook aggressions and insults, the more is he exposed to the attacks of the cowardly and the malignant. This observation is well exemplified in the transaction which gave rise to some illiberal and scurrilous paragraphs against me in some of the Daily Papers. I think it a duty to my friends, and to my own character, to contradict these calumnies by a recital of the transaction alluded to, the truth of which may be confirmed by several gentlemen who were present, and to whom, without publishing their names, I will refer any gentleman who thinks proper to take the trouble to enquire. The facts were these:

I happened some time since to dine at the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, with a party of gentlemen, when a person who calls himself Captain Forster entered the room, and, in a short time demanded whether what I was mentioning in conversation alluded to him? I answered in the negative: notwithstanding which, he broke out into the most outrageous abuse; to all which I returned no other answer than that, "if he was a man of *spirit*, he would not use such language; that any reply to it was unworthy of me; but that he might have one *from my washer-woman.*" The *valiant* Captain then called me a *rascal*, *gave me the lie*, and (in allusion to an occurrence, which, whatever consolation I may derive from a consciousness of honourable and manly conduct, can never be recalled to my recollection without exciting very painful and acute sensations) said—"You villain, you murdered a man, for which you ought to have been hanged! Had you been here sooner, you would have had a cord about your neck, which you deserve!"

I appeal to any man of honour, whether he could command his feelings after such provocation; I confess I was no longer master of mine; and, he being then near me, I gave him *one slap only on the face:*—And this I declare to be the whole of the transaction. I used no cane, as stated in some of the Newspapers. There was no blood shed; and I have only to regret, that this occurrence has been made the subject of public animadversion. After this explanation, I am determined to pay no farther attention to Newspaper Paragraphs.

RICHARD ENGLAND.

P. S. I have good authority for saying, that the illiberal paragraphs in the papers against me, originated with Captain Forster.

My address is left with the Editor, who has authority to say, that I shall readily and cheerfully convince any gentleman of the rectitude of my statement. R. E.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ORACLE.

SIR,

It is very remarkable that those who are become sufficiently notorious in the world, should not be content with the portion of *fame* they have already acquired, but should anxiously seek to force themselves on the notice of the Public, as if they were apprehensive that their exploits would be forgotten. Of this, the "scurrilous" letter, signed "Richard England," which has appeared in the Daily Papers, is a striking proof. Mr. Richard England need not have been afraid that his name and character would have been buried in oblivion. The records of the Old Bailey, as well as those of Kilmainham, in Ireland, will probably outlive the person, though not the name of Richard England; and a complete and impartial narrative of this *hero's* life will, no doubt, be a valuable addition to the National Biography, although it may not be so *rapidly* bought up as the imperfect History of Richard England, which appeared some years ago.—Very different is my disposition from that of Mr. Richard England, as I have no ambition to obtrude myself on the Public. Since, however, that person has thought fit to state in the papers, a *false* relation of the circumstances that gave birth to his letter, I hope I shall be justified in publishing a *true* one. I deem it unnecessary to appeal to any person to corroborate what I shall advance, not yet having had occasion to call witnesses to my character; but before I proceed farther, I think it proper to declare positively that the paragraphs alluded to by the letter of Mr. Richard England were not written by me, nor at my instance.

About five weeks ago, I called in the evening at the Bedford Arms, where Mr. England says he *happened* to dine, and where I believe his company would very willingly be dispensed with, in order to enquire for a young gentleman of my acquaintance. This gentleman being there, I gave him a little friendly admonition. At this Mr. England, for what reasons he best knows, thought proper to take umbrage; and, with his rude and vulgar vehemence, said aloud, "O! there are advisers in the room—Waiter, bring in more advisers;" with many offensive and gross epithets, evidently pointed at me. For some time I forbore to notice this language, but at length was provoked to reply to it in a manner suitable to my feelings on the occasion, with some warmth I admit; but not being conversant in the Billingsgate and Broughtonian Schools, I soon felt my inferiority. Having got up to quit the room, my *valiant* adversary, as I was going towards the door, ran up to me, and by a most violent and unexpected blow of his *hatchet fist*, which he calls a slap in the face, I was knocked down, and had my right eye completely closed; my head coming against the lower part of the wainscot in the fall, I received a contusion in it, and was confined to my bed and room for three weeks. If I had been an adept in the art of boxing, the disparity of strength, and still more of age, would have rendered a contest of that sort a very unequal one; and if I had been disposed to meet a person of his character on *equal* terms, he took care to disable me, by depriving me of the use of the *right eye*. Nor was this enough, having commenced an Action against me, and served me with a writ the next day for *defamation*. In this part of Mr. England's conduct, I mean to follow his example, by resorting to the law in my turn.

Mr. England, with great gravity informs

informs the public of the mildness of his general demeanour, his averseness to quarrels, and his readiness to overlook aggressions—*Gentle Richard!* how patient! how forbearing! Here he thought it needless to call in the testimony of his friends, so confident does he seem of the truth of this representation of himself. Surely Mr. England, or his Amanuensis, smiled when this passage was penning; and he must have intended to excite the same risible sensation in his friends, who know how this benignity of temper, which he has so liberally bestowed on himself, is verified by the constant and *gentlemanlike* practice of storming, raging, and insulting every person indiscriminately.

With respect to the insinuation of my being a *pretended Captain*, I shall only observe, that thirty-five years ago, which was some time before Richard England was the protector of a ——y-house on the Blind Quay in Dublin, I had the honour of bearing the King's Commission, and serving my country in the East Indies, where, had my health permitted, I should probably now have been. I was obliged to return to Europe, and all the rank I pretend to is that of a Lieutenant on Half-pay, though I received the appointment of a Captain in the Company's service, when the Regiment I belonged to was ordered home to be reduced. Yet, though a Lieutenant on Half-pay, I am perhaps quite as independent as Mr. England.

I consider it improper to enter into any farther particulars of this disagreeable transaction, as it is shortly to undergo a legal discussion, when Justice will, I hope, be done to Richard England, as well as to

JOHN FOSTER.

64, *Jermyn-street,*
April 5.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE LONDONERS IN THE REIGN OF HENRY II.

———

EVERY Sunday in Lent, after dinner, a company of young men ride out into the fields on horses, which are fit for war, and principal runners; every one among them is taught to run the rounds with his horse.

The Citizens sons issue through the gates by troops, furnished with lances and warlike shields; the younger sort have their pikes, not loaded with iron, where they make a representation of battle, and exercise a skirmish. There resort to this exercise many courtiers, when the King lies near hand, and young striplings, out of the families of Barons and great persons, which have not yet attained to the warlike girdle, to train and skirmish. Hope of victory inflames every one; the neighing and fierce horses bestir their joints, and chew their bridles, and cannot endure to stand still; at last they begin their race, and then the young men divide their troops; some labour to outstrip their leaders, and cannot reach them; others fling down their fellows, and get beyond them.

In Easter holidays they counterfeit a sea: a pole is set up in the middle of the river (Thames), with a target well fastened thereon, and a young man stands in a boat, which is rowed with oars, and driven on with the tide, who, with his spear, hits the target in his passage; with which blow, if he breaks the spear and stand upright, so that he hold footing, he hath his desire; but if his spear continue unbroken by the blow, he is tumbled into the water, and his boat passeth clear away; but on either side this target two ships stand inward, with many young men ready to take him up after he is sunk, as

 soon

ſoon as he appeareth again on the top of the water; the ſpectators ſtand upon the bridge, and in ſcullars upon the river, to behold theſe things, being prepared for laughter.

Upon the holidays all ſummer, the youth is exerciſed in leaping, ſhooting, wreſtling, caſting of ſtones, and throwing javelins fitted with loops for the purpoſe, which they ſtrive to fling beyond the mark; they alſo uſe bucklers, like fighting men. As for the maidens, they have their exerciſe of dancing and tripping till moonlight.

A PHILOSOPHICAL AND PRACTICAL TREATISE ON HORSES AND ON THE MORAL DUTIES OF MAN, TOWARDS THE BRUTE CREATION,

BY JOHN LAWRENCE,

2 vols. 8vo. boards, 14s. *Longman.*

IT being our intention to give a few extracts from this work, we ſhall proceed in that deſign without making any obſervations at preſent on the merit of the performance, reſerving nevertheleſs to ourſelves, the right of exerciſing ſuch impartial criticiſm thereon, as fairneſs and candour may dictate.

We ſhall here give the contents of the firſt volume, with an extract from the firſt chapter, viz.

CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF VETERINARY WRITERS.

CHAPTER I.

Introductory Chapter—Deſign of the work—Critical account of Veterinary Writers—Impartial examination of Mr. Taplin's plea of originality.

CHAPTER II.

On the Horſe in general.

CHAPTER III.

On the Rights of Beaſts.

CHAPTER IV.

On the Hackney and Hunter.

CHAPTER V.

On the Paces, and the Equeſtrian Art; or, modern Method of Riding on Horſeback, as practiſed by both ſexes.

CHAPTER VI.

On Draft Cattle, and their Uſe and Management, both in Town and Country.

CHAPTER VII.

On the Manage.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the Art of Shoeing.

I proceed to give ſome account of former veterinary writers, chiefly of our own country; with the double view of directing the inquiſitive reader's attention to the proper ſources of information, and of reſcuing the characters of our original writers of merit, from the hands of pilfering compilers; who are too often ſucceſsful in running away with the applauſe due only to their maſters; and in rearing a temporary reputation upon very ſlender pretenſions.

The firſt of our original writers upon Horſes, of any note, was Thomas Blundevill, of Newton Flotman, in Norfolk; by his own deſcription, a poor gentleman; he lived in the reign of Elizabeth. His works, which were publiſhed in three treatiſes, were all ſeparately dedicated to the famous Earl of Leiceſter. They comprize the whole of the ſubject, that is to ſay, breeding, management, diet, and phyſic. In his time, and the preceding, his countrymen (however advantageouſly the caſe has been ſince reverſed) were in the conſtant habits of obligation to foreign countries,

countries, as well for the amelioration of their breed of horses, as for instructions on every point relative to their management. The military *manage* was the prevailing taste of the time, and the instruction of it in England, almost entirely in the hands of foreigners, either Italian or French; a considerable number of whom were constantly entertained by the court, and encouraged by the nobility and gentry, either as riding-masters, or *ferrers*.

Blundevill appears to have had a competent share of learning, and to have been himself the translator of those foreign works, whence, as from the fountain head of knowledge, he drew the chief of his rules. He gave the first English names to several implements of horsemanship, then introduced; as well as to a variety of diseases, until his time not described in the English language; and many succeeding writers availed themselves not only of his translation of the foreign veterinary writers, but of his own proper knowledge and experience of the subject. With respect to the merits of Blundevill, as a veterinary writer, he undoubtedly possessed a thorough practical knowledge of the animal on which he treated, as far as the lights of the time, in which he lived, extended. Englishmen had not yet learned to reason for themselves, and the barbarous practice of the Continental Manage, by which the most generous and docile of all animals was driven to obedience by torturing bits, and cruel usage, instead of being gently reduced by soothing means, and by the help of implements uninjurious to his tender flesh, was in full force among them. Thus we are presented in Blundevill's book with plates of near fifty different bits; with an account of spoons, gags, ring shoes, trammels for pacing, and a variety of instruments of torture, altogether as useless to any good purpose, as they were senseless and cruel. But, however, generally a slave to authority in these matters, we sometimes find the Englishman getting the better of this author; and prompting him to question the real utility of such rigorous measures to force obedience; a remarkable instance of which we have in his declaration, that notwithstanding the variety of patterns for bits which he had exhibited, he really thought three of them only (and they are of the mildest) fully sufficient for all purposes of horsemanship; which is reducing the matter pretty near to the standard of our present practice. One however cannot help being disgusted at his repeated advice, to beat the horse about the head with a cudgel. There are no doubt many useful observations in his book; but from succeeding improvements in the veterinary art, Blundevill's work has long since ceased to possess any other recommendation, than that of curiosity.

About the same period, and somewhat later, arose divers other writers on horses; as Morgan, Mascal, Martin, Clifford, and others, of whose books I at present know nothing beyond the names of the authors; and it is highly probable their works contain little else than a transcription of the veterinary practice of the ancients, and a repetition of the same system of managemeet which we find in Blundevill; had they made any improvements in the art, they would, in all probability, have been handed down to us, and their works in consequence preserved from the fatal gulph of oblivion.

But there is another writer of nearly the same period, if not of greater merit, at least of more good fortune, than those I have just now mentioned. It is the redoubtable Gervase Markham, for more than a cen-

a century, the oracle of sapient grooms, the fiddle of old wives, and the glory of booksellers. After having painfully laboured through his works, it remains with me a doubt, whether this famous writer ever possessed any real knowledge of the horse, or of the art veterinary, from his own practice and experience He was, in my opinion, nothing better than a mere vulgar and illiterate compiler; and his works (some few things excepted) are stuffed with all the execrable trash that had ever been invented by any writer, or practised by any farrier, ancient or modern, on the subject of horses. It is necessary, however, that we do justice to the character of Gervase Markham; he certainly possessed a species of merit which has not descended to all his successors, the copiests and plagiarists: he very honestly gives the names of those authors from whom he derives his knowledge.

Markham's works were printed and reprinted, to the twentieth, and for aught I know, to the fortieth edition. At least, the celebrated name of Gervase Markham was made use of by the booksellers to a vast number of compilations, not only upon the subject of horses, but of husbandry, gardening, and housewifery.

The mischiefs which have been occasioned by the extensive circulation of this man's books, are incalculable. They brought almost as many evils and cruel inflictions upon poor helpless animals, as the opening of Pandora's box did upon the human race: and notwithstanding the author lived till after the restoration, and published an edition of his works, in which he boasts of fifty years practice; we find no improvement resulting from his long experience, but that the work which received his last hand, is but a mere repetition of the barbarous and unmeaning absurdities of ancient practice.

From the works of Gervase Markham, and his famous receipts, all the old grooms and farriers, who (unfortunately for the animals committed to their care, and the proprietors of them, were able to write and read) obtained all their veterinary knowledge, their skill in operations, and their wonderful tricks; nor is the fame of this great writer altogether unknown to some of our elder sages of the stable, even at this day: and I must beg leave to advise every owner of horses, who regards their welfare and his own interest, as soon as he shall be apprised that his groom or farrier is in possession of Markham's works, or indeed any of that stamp, to purchase such dangerous commodities out of their hands, and to put them to more harmless and necessary purposes, than those to which ignorant people would most probably apply them.

As these books are now happily become somewhat scarce, and few of my readers may perhaps have enjoyed an opportunity of perusing them, it may not be amiss to skim a little of their cream, for the entertainment of the curious.

Worms, from Markham's Maister-Peece, 16th Edition, 1703.

" The violence of the red worms *are* wonderful, for I have seen horses whose stomach has been eaten quite through with them; so that the meat which they eat could not abide in their stomach, but fell upon the swallowing into the body, making the body swell like a tun, and so died with huge torment." This will be acknowledged on all hands, to be a most wonderful and curious case. Now for a prescription intirely fit to be coupled with such a case; and it may be here observed, that Markham

Markham was very liberal, and generally allowed his readers their choice of three methods of cure for all diseases, namely; the good, better, and best. The following are two of his *good* cures for worms —"Other ancient farriers use only to give the horse for this disease the warm guts of a new slain hen or chicken, being thrust down the horse's throat; and sure it is passing good, especially if a little salt be mixed with them, and this must be done three mornings fasting, keeping the horse from drinking three or four hours after —others use to bind about the snaffle or bit, man's dung new made, and so ride him therewith."

Of tired Horses, page 74.

After discoursing rationally enough upon tired horses, old Gervase thus proceedeth: "Then for the cure of any of all these proceeding from dulness, fearfulness, and unwillingness, you shall take ordinary window glass, and beat it into fine powder; then take up the skin of each side the spur-vein, between your finger and your thumb, and with a fine awl or bodkin, make divers small holes through his skin, then rub glass powder very hard into these holes; which done, do but mount his back, and do but offer to touch his side with your heels, and be sure if he have life in him, he will go forward. Now, if it be so that your horse tire in such a place, as the necessity of your occasions are to be preferred before the value of your horse, and that you must seek unnatural means to controul nature; in this case you shall take (where the powder of glass, &c. cannot be had) three or four round pebble stones, and put them into one of his ears, and then tie the ear that the stones shall not fall out, and the noise of these stones will make the horse go after he is utterly tired; but if that fail, you shall with a knife make a hole in the flap of the horse's ear, and thrust a long rough stick, full of nicks, through the same, and ever as the horse slacks his pace, so saw and fret the stick up and down in the hole; and be sure whilst he hath any life he will not leave going. Many other torments there are," &c. &c.

Of the falling of the Crest, p. 175.

"The falling of the horse's crest, is, when the upper part of a horse's neck, which is called the crest, leaneth either to the one or the other side, and will not stand upright, as it ought to do. It proceedeth, most commonly, from poverty, and very hard keeping," &c. Here follows one cure by firing; then he proceeds—"Other farriers use for this infirmity, first to cast the horse upon some soft dunghill, or other easy place, and with a knife to cut away the flesh on the hanging or under side of the crest, even from the fore end thereof to the hinder end, six inches broad and two inches thick, or somewhat more in the middle thereof where it is thickest; then groping the crest with your hands, to pare the thickest part thereof till it come all to one thinness; then holding the horse still fast bound, to cover all the place with great handfuls of swines-dung, prepared for the purpose, and hold it to the sore place an hour together, until the blood be staunched; then let the horse arise, and lead him into the stable, tying him in such sort, that he may neither rub his neck nor lie down; then the next morning take good store of burnt allum, beaten to powder, and strew it all over the sore place, and so let him stand for two days after, without any stirring, lest the wound should bleed again, &c. &c.—which done, you shall to those plats with thongs of leather, fasten

fasten a cudgel of a foot and half long: then to the midst of that cudgel you shall hang a piece of lead, with a hole in it, of such weight as will poise the crest up even, and hold it in its right place. Then shall you draw his crest on that side the weight hangs, with a hot drawing iron, even from the top of the crest down to the point of the shoulder, making divers strokes one inch and an half from another; then shall you lay upon the burnt places a plaister of pitch, tar, and rosin, melted together; and so let the weight hang till all the sore places be healed, and there is no question but the crest will stand both upright and strongly."

I am sorry to say, that I have given but a moderate specimen of the cruelties formerly inflicted upon this brave and unoffending animal; but instead of irritating our sensibility by exclamations against such measures of brutality and folly, let us congratulate ourselves upon the happiness and advantage of living in an age and country, when even the vulgar mind revolts at and despises them.

The following curious direction, which is to be found in the old editions of Markham, I address to many of my brethren of the bridle, who have repeatedly assured me, with an expressive dash of corrective wisdom in their looks, "that it signifies nothing talking, we shall never get better than the old books, and the old customs."

Running Horses.

"For the ordering of your running horse, let him have no more meat than to suffice nature, drink once in twenty-four hours; and dressing every day once at noon only."

To make a white star in any part of a horse, page 307.

"Other farriers use, after they have shaved it, to rub the place well with salt; and then, twice every day for a fortnight, to wash it with the broth wherein a moldy-warp and some swines grease hath been sodden." I have no right in the world to dispute the efficacy of this receipt, because, after all possible enquiry among the old wives of my acquaintance, I have been unable to trace the signification of a moldy-warp, or whether it be fish or flesh. Perhaps some gentle reader may be able to help me out at a dead lift.

I presume, by this time, the reader has had enough of Gervase Markham!

(*To be continued.*)

AMUSEMENTS OF PARIS.

Balls—Festivals—Supper given by a Contractor—Dress—Parallel between a Contractor and a Stockholder—New Aristocracy—Modern Royalists—Odeon—Bals a la Victime—Tivoli—Elysium—Bagatelle and other Public Garden,—Glaciers of Paris.

BY HELEN MARIA WILLIAMS.

"IF the morning at Paris is devoted to business, the evening at least belongs to pleasure: over those hours she holds an undivided empire, but is worshipped at innumerable altars, and hailed by ever-varying rituals.

"During the last winter the amusements of twenty-four Theatres, which were opened every night, were succeeded by public and private balls, in such numbers, that there were no less than two thousand ball-rooms inscribed on the registers of the Police, which keeps its wakeful vigils over every sort of amusement, in all their gradations, from the bright blaze of waxen tapers which displays

plays the charms of nymphs dressed *a la savauge* or *a la grec*, who grace the splendid ball *de Richlieu*, to the oily lamp which lights up the seventh story, or the vaulted cellar where the blind fidler's animating scrapes calls the sovereign people to the cotillon of wooden shoes.

"These two thousand ball-rooms of the capital afford ample proof that no revolution has taken place in the manners of the French, and that they are still a dancing nation. They have indeed of late fully demonstrated to the world that they are capable of greater things; and that when the energies of their souls are called forth, they can follow Buonaparte over the bridge of Lodi; but when their minds return to their natural position, every barrack has a room appropriated for dancing, and the heroes of Arcole, as well as the *muscadins* of Paris,

"All knit hands and beat the ground,
"In a light fantastic round.

"The fetes of the Court, it is asserted by the few persons remaining in France, by whom they were frequented, were but tawdry splendour compared with the classical elegance which prevails at the fetes of our Republican contractors. As a specimen of these private balls, I shall trace a short sketch of a dance lately given by one of the furnishers of stores for fleets and armies, in his spacious hotel, where all the furniture, in compliance with the present fashion at Paris, is antique: where all that is not Greek is Roman; where stately silken beds, massy sophas, worked tapestry, and gilt ornaments, are thrown aside as rude Gothic magnificence, and every couch resembles that of Pericles, every chair those of Cicero; where every wall is finished in arabesque, like the baths of Titus, and every table upheld by Castors and Polluxes, is covered with Athenian busts and Etruscan vases; where that modern piece of furniture, a clock, is concealed beneath the classic bar of Phœbus, and the dancing hours: and every chimney iron is supported by a Sphinx or Griffin. The dress of his female visitors was in perfect harmony with the furniture of his hotel; for although the Parisian ladies are not suspected of any obstinate attachment to Grecian modes of Government, they are most rigid partisans of Grecian modes of dress, adorned like the cotemporaries of Aspasia—the loose light drapery, the naked arm, the bare bosom, the sandaled feet, the circling zone, the golden chains, the twisting tresses, all display the most inflexible conformity to the laws of Republican costume. The most fashionable hair-dresser of Paris, in order to accommodate himself to the classical taste of his fair customers, is provided with a variety of antique busts as models; and when he waits on a lady, enquires if she chooses to be dressed that day *a la Cleopatre*, *la Dianne*, or *la Psyche?* Sometimes the changeful nymph is a vestal, sometimes a Venus; but the last rage has been the *Niobe*; of late fat and lean, gay and grave, old and young, have been all *a la Niobe*; and the many curled periwig, thrown aside by the fashionable class, now decorates the heads of pretty shopkeepers.

"The fair Grecians, being determined not to injure the contour of fine forms by superfluous incumbrances, no fashionable lady at Paris wears any pockets, and the inconvenience of being without is obviated by sticking her fan in her belt, sliding in a flat purse of morocco leather, only large enough to contain a few louis, at the side of her neck, and giving her snuff-box and her pocket-handkerchief to the care of the gentleman who attends her, and to whom she ap-

plies for them whenever she has occasion.

"For a short time during the winter, in defiance of frost and snow, the costume of a few reigning belles was not *a la Grec*, but *a la Sauvage*. To be dressed *a la Sauvage* was to have all that part of the frame which was not left uncovered clad in a light drapery of flesh colour. The boddice, under which no linen was worn, (shifts being an article of dress long since rejected at Paris, both by the Greeks and the Savages), was made of knitted silk, clinging exactly to the shape, which it perfectly displayed; the petticoat was on one side twisted up by a light festoon: and the feet, which were either bare, or covered with a silk stocking of flesh colour, so woven as to draw upon the toes like a glove upon the fingers, were decorated with diamonds. These gentle savages, however, found themselves so rudely treated whenever they appeared, by the sovereign multitude, that at length the fashions of Otaheite were thrown aside, and Greece remains the standing order of the day.

"But to return to the Contractor, and his ball—after several hours had passed in dancing cotillons, which the young women of Paris perform with a degree of perfection—a light nympish grace unseen elsewhere—and after the walse, which is now never forgotten at a Paris ball, had proved that the steady heads of Niobe's were not to be made giddy, the company were led to a supper furnished with Eastern magnificence, and decorated with attic taste. After supper, the folding doors of the Saloon were thrown open to a garden of considerable extent, beautifully illuminated with coloured lamps, and its trees bending with lavish clusters of fruits of every season, and every climate formed of ice, while fountains poured streams of orgeat, lemonade, and liqueuers."

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page* 318 *of Vol.* XI.)

On January 1, 1790, the long talked of battle was fought at Newmarket, between the noted Dick Goodison, rider to the Duke of Queensberry, and Sam Chiffney, rider to the Duke of Bedford. They fought for half an hour extremely well, when victory declared for Goodison, who won, owing to superior strength and length of arms.

January 4, a battle some time depending, was fought at Wargrave Green, near Lord Barrymore's seat, on a ten foot stage, between Anderson the tin-man, and an Oxford bargeman of the name of Tom Tight, which, after a short contest of about six minutes, was decided in favour of Anderson: Lord Barrymore backed Anderson.

February 17, the contest between Watson, and Hooper the tin-man, took place at Langley Close, near Salt-hill. Will Ward was second, and Joe Ward, bottle-holder to Watson; and Johnson second, and Butcher bottle-holder to Hooper. In a very few seconds after they set to, Hooper gave Watson the first knock down blow, and knocked him down three times successively afterwards. After eight rounds, the odds turned very much in favour of Hooper, and who in conclusion was declared the conqueror. They stood up exactly one hundred rounds, and fought one hour and fifty minutes. The battle took up considerably more time, much being spent in altercation respecting foul blows, and it was not till afterward, Watson was charged with

with giving the seventh, that it was determined against him. Major Churchill and Mr. Aston were the umpires, and who were under the necessity of calling in a third.

March 10, a severe battle was fought at Stoke Golding, near Coventry, between Jacombs, one of the Birmingham heroes, and Payne of Coventry; they fought ninety five rounds, and were upwards of two hours in the conflict, which at length ended in favour of Payne. Jacombs was the favourite at setting-to, but his conduct came very far behind the cool and manly behaviour of Payne; as it was evident he placed more dependance in throwing his antagonist on the railing, and such brutal shifts, than in fair and open fighting. They were both struck off the stage several times during the battle, but were caught by the spectators, who were exceedingly numerous.

March 24, the match between Crabbe the Jew, and Tyne the taylor, was fought in a field adjoining to Horton Moor. At least two thousand persons were present. Lee was second to Crabbe, and Joe Ward bottle holder; Johnson seconded Tyne, and James the Waterman bottle-holder. At half after two, the combatants appeared, and upon stripping, six to four was laid upon Tyne.

The first round, some very good sparring, when they both closed, and Crabbe fell, but gave his adversary a violent blow on the nose, which brought a profusion of blood. The eighth round, Crabbe gave Tyne a knock down blow, and fell upon him. The fourteenth and seventeenth, Tyne again fell, but gave his adversary a dreadful blow on the left eye and the mouth. The eighteenth, Tyne dropped down as if by design; a great cry of "foul;" the odds sunk five to four on Tyne. The twenty-second was an admirable round indeed, it lasted above a minute, and afforded some excellent strokes of skill. The thirty-second, Crabbe down, with a severe blow on the eye. The thirty-third, Tyne skilfully fell, and the other flew over him, with his face upon the stage, which was dreadfully severe. The thirty-ninth and last round, Tyne again fell with a slight blow, but the other was so exceedingly worn out, that he fell on his belly, and could no longer stand the contest. The battle lasted fifty-five minutes. Crabbe sparred best, but the other never failed to make a strong blow, although he fell himself.

Crabbe several times attempted to chop, but in this he was always disappointed. The event of the battle was owing in a great measure to the excellent conduct of Johnson.

August 6, was fought the long expected battle between Perrins of Birmingham, and Richards, more generally known by the name of the Shropshire Hero; when, after an hour and twenty minutes hard fighting, victory declared itself in favour of the former. Richards was nearly in size and strength equal to Perrins. The place was near Shrewsbury.

August 30, the long expected battle between Big Ben, and Hooper the tin-man, was fought at Chapel Row Revel, near Newbury, in Berkshire, when, after fighting one hundred and eighty rounds in three hours and an half, it was referred to arbitration, Hooper falling one hundred and thirty-three times without giving or receiving a blow, which made it impossible to bring it to a decision. It was determined a drawn battle.

September 29, the final meeting between the two noted pugilists, Humphries and Mendoza, took place at Doncaster. More than five hundred tickets, at half-a-guinea each, were issued on the occasion;

ſion; and the ſpot fixed on for the conteſt was an inn yard, bounded on one ſide by the backs of the houſes, and on the other, by a ſtrong paling, behind which runs the river.

The company having been admitted, and the ſpectators taken their ſeats on the benches contiguous to the ſtage, in three different parts of the yard, Humphries, and ſhortly afterwards Mendoza, appeared with their reſpective ſeconds, bottle-holders, and umpires. Humphries mounted the ſtage, which was about four feet high, and twenty-four feet ſquare, in great ſpirits and with wonderful activity, and Mendoza ſeemed equally free from any degree of apprehenſion.

The odds in ſtripping, were five to four, and they were readily accepted; the friends of his antagoniſt being extremely ſanguine, and ſeeming to entertain an idea, that it would be impoſſible to beat the Jew, if the blows were waited for, and the fight carried on in a regular and ſcientific manner. Humphries would begin with violence, and overpowering his antagoniſt with impetuous exertions, would fruſtate all his arts of defence, and ſpeedily obtain the victory. The onſet of Humphries was bold, rapid, and vigorous, which was repelled with equal force on the other ſide; and mutually cloſing, they both ſtruggled and fell. During the ſecond round, they fought with the ſame ſpirit, and of the two, Humphries ſtruck moſt blows, though without overpowering his antagoniſt. The third ſet to was of long duration; both parties ſeemed cautious of giving or receiving a blow, but what was given or received was in Mendoza's favour, for he terminated the round by knocking Humphries down. They engaged again for ſome moments in much the ſame manner; but in the fifth ſet to, Humphries having aimed a blow at Mendozas ſtomach, which Mendoza ſtopped, and ſtruck him in the face, when the hit was returned, and Humphries fell. After this a great number of rounds took place, and in almoſt all of them, Mendoza had evidently the advantage, and Humphries generally dropped, ſometimes in conſequence of the blows he received, ſometimes from an ineffectual effort in cloſing, and ſometimes not ſo much by the force of the ſtroke, as from that policy which is often uſed, and certainly fair in boxing. More than once indeed he fell without a blow, which was againſt the articles of agreement, but this was not much noticed, becauſe his conduct placed him above ſuſpicion of cowardice. Though evidently worſted almoſt throughout the battle, he occaſionally fought with great reſolution, and ſtood up a long time to his antagoniſt, after one eye was cloſed, his cheek cut open, and ſeveral other ſevere blows had been received. He even, when perſuaded to *give in*, requeſted them to ſuffer him to box a little longer. Mendoza was as freſh, and fought as well at the end of the battle, as at the beginning, whereas Humphries was wearied with his exertions, and if he had continued the combat would have been unable to ſee any object, in conſequence of the blows which his antagoniſt was effectually putting in. Indeed the ſevere beating he had received, rendered it impoſſible to ſtand up any longer, without ſuffering ſtill greater injury; Humphries therefore gave in, and the *battle was decided* in Mendoza's favour.

Mendoza was conſiderably cut between the right eye and the left temple, and on the left ear; he had likewiſe two ſwellings on his head, and received a gaſh upon his right ribs, in conſequence of a ſtraight forward

forward left handed blow of his antagonist, in the early part of the battle at his body. Humphries had several hits, which drew blood under his left arm; his right eye was closed up, and he received a severe wound over his left; his right cheek, and the left side of his nose, was cut as if with a razor by one of Mendoza's springing straight blows; his upper lip was by the same stroke split, and when he attempted to wash his mouth, while on his second's knee with water, the liquor, mixed with the blood, gushed through the incision. In closing fights, Mendoza had the advantage, as he generally was quick enough to introduce his arm between Humphries and himself, and struck the short blows necessary in that situation, with more facility than his antagonist.

Humphries was carried through the crowd on the shoulders of his friends, and conveyed in a post-chaise out of the town. Mendoza, however, was able to walk afterwards on the race-ground.

Ths battle began about half past ten, and lasted an hour and ten minutes. In the course of about twenty minutes, forty to five, and ten to one in favour of Mendoza, and as the battle drew to a conclusion they rose higher.

Humphries had Ward for his second, Jackson for his bottle-holder, and Colonel Hamilton for his umpire. Mendoza for his second and bottle-holder, Johnson and Butcher, and for his umpire, Sir Thomas Apreece. Mr. Harvy Aston, acted as third umpire to refer to, in case of any difference of opinion that might arise between the two former.

After the battle, money was collected as a prize to be fought for, by a cousin of Mendoza, and a young West country boxer of the name of Packer. Johnson seconded the Jew, and Ward the Christian. This was a most severe contest, for they fought with much violence for almost an hour, and were greatly bruised. On closing they fell, when Aaron Mendoza being uppermost, Packer suddenly raised his knee, and canted him head over heels against the railing. The somerset was so severe, as to conclude the battle in Packer's favour.

(*To be continued.*)

ROBBERY AND MURDER.

THREE gentlemen from London, viz. Mr. John Mellish, of Albemarle-street, Mr. William Bosanquet, of Bishopsgate-street; and Mr. Peter Pole, of Mansfield-street, Portland-place, quitted town on Friday, April the 6th, for Windsor, with a view of hun ing with his Majesty's stag-hounds: these gentlemen accompanied the hounds the next day, Saturday. His Majesty, understanding they were gentlemen who ranked highly in the commercial world, directed that a deer of much speed and bottom should be turned out on the ensuing Tuesday for their diversion at Langley Broom; a chace of many hours was the consequence of this arrangement; the deer was turned out about nine o'clock in the morning, and was taken at three in the afternoon, after a run of an unusual distance, between Chertsey and Staines.

After the chace had ended, the gentlemen returned to the Castle at Salthill, where Mr. Mellish had left his carriage, from which place the party set off for London immediately after dinner. Post horses were put to the carriage, and they were proceeding on their way to town, when about half an hour past eight, and within a quarter of a mile of the Magpies, on Hounslow Heath, they were attacked by two foot-

footpads, who started out of a hedge, one of whom stood at the heads of the horses, while the other went to the side of the carriage, and without any previous intimation, instantly fired a pistol, the contents of which passed through the window on the *left hand* side, through the frame of that on the opposite side; on the windows being put down, the assassins demanded the fire-arms in the chaise; they were informed by the gentlemen, there were none, whereupon a second pistol was discharged into the carriage, and their money demanded. Mr. Mellish gave his watch, Mr. Pole a note case, containing some small Bank notes, and Mr. Bosanquet gave them all the money he had in his pocket. Neither of them expressed a desire of resistance, but immediately surrendered their property. After the robbers had obtained their booty, and before the carriage was allowed to proceed, a *third* pistol was discharged from the *right hand* side of the carriage, the contents of which entering the window in an *oblique* direction, and Mr. Mellish being seated in the left corner of the carriage, unfortunately struck him in the forehead. Mr. Pole (who was seated in the opposite corner) received the gun-powder in his face and eyes, where it lodged, and for a short space of time deprived him of his sight; the person who fired the last pistol, after uttering a most horrid oath, directed the boy to drive on. They had not proceeded many yards when Mr. Bosanquet asked his companions if they had received any injury—to which Mr. Mellish replied, "that he feared he was hit on the head," and on coming up to the light at the Magpies, his face and cloaths were perceived covered with blood; the ball from the last pistol had entered his forehead about half an inch above his right eye; he was much exhausted from the loss of blood, and was carried up stairs at the Magpies, and laid on a bed. A messenger was dispatched instantly to Hounslow for assistance, and Mr. Frogley an eminent surgeon and apothecary of that place, in proceeding thither, was stopped and robbed by the same gang. The seat of the wound was too complicated and difficult perhaps for Mr. Frogley's *single* interference, and he immediately dispatched a messenger to London, who brought down Messrs. Blizard, Jones, and Rush, by whose united aid however, the situation of the bullet could not be discovered. At four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, the next day, it was the opinion of Mr. Blizard and the other gentlemen, that Mr. Mellish could not live many hours: he was in a violent fever, but perfectly sensible. Mr. Mellish made his will the same day.

An account of this melancholy affair was communicated to Sir William Addington and Mr. Ford, at an early hour on the Wednesday morning, who instantly dispatched Townsend, Fugion, and Carpmeal in search of the robbers; and by the accounts given them, they had great hopes of returning to town with the culprits; unfortunately, however, the darkness of the night prevented either the post-boy or the gentlemen in company with Mr. M. from giving an account sufficiently descriptive to enable them to identify the persons of the robbers, who have hitherto eluded justice.

Mr. Mellish lived till the next Monday morning, three o'clock, when he expired.

Fleeting intervals of serenity took place in his mind, but at length the fever resumed its influence, and carried him off. The body was brought to town for interment three days after his death. Mr. Mellish was at the head of the Epping Stag Hound establishment, and

and on account of his wayward fate there was no hunt on the Forest Easter Monday.

Some men have been taken up on suspicion of their being concerned in the robbery and murder, but no absolute proof has been adduced against them.

Since the death of Mr. Mellish, the following has been published in the London Gazette.

WHITEHALL, APRIL 13, 1798.

Whereas it has been humbly represented to the King, that about eight o'clock on the evening of Tuesday the 3d instant, as John Mellish, Esq. accompanied by two other gentlemen, were returning to London, in a post chaise, from Salt Hill, they were attacked by two or more footpads, near the Magpies on Hounslow Heath; and that before and after robbing these gentlemen, the said footpads had the turpitude to fire three pistols into the chaise, a ball from one of which entered the forehead of the said Mr. Mellish, and soon afterwards deprived him of his life.

His Majesty, for the better apprehending and bringing to justice the persons concerned in the atrocious Murder and Robbery abovementioned, is hereby pleased to promise his most gracious pardon to any one of them (except the person who actually shot the said Mr. Mellish) who shall discover his or their accomplice or accomplices therein, so that he or they may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

PORTLAND.

And, as a further encouragement, a reward of Two Hundred Guineas is hereby offered to any person or persons making such discovery as aforesaid, (except as is before excepted) to be paid on the conviction of any one or more of the offenders, by

W. MELLISH, *Bishopsgate-street.*

THE GAME OF IMPERIAL.

IN order to give that clear idea of this game, which we propose, we shall begin with a general description of it, which will be the business of the first chapter. In the second we shall shew the manner of making the game, to which we shall add the laws that are to be observed for the well playing of it.

CHAP. I.

Containing a General Description of the Game of Imperial.

They who have searched for the derivation of this game, tell us, that it was so named by a certain Emperor, who was the first inventor of it; but without enquiring into the validity of this etymology, we shall begin with describing the nature of it, by saying, that the cards used in playing Imperial, are the same with those used at Piquet; that is to say, the King, Queen, Knave, Ace, Ten, Nine, Eight, and Seven of each suit, which make thirty-two, or else by adding the Six of each suit they make thirty-six.

Three persons may play at Imperial, and in that case, the sixes must necessarily be added; but the common method of play is by two. Before you begin you are to agree what you play for, and how many Imperials shall make the party, which commonly consist of five, but depends, however, entirely on the pleasure of the players, who make them as many or as few as they please.

After these points are settled, one of the players shuffles the cards and presents them to his adversary, in order to see who is to deal; and as it is an advantage to deal, he that cuts the highest card deals; whereas at Piquet, he obliges the other to deal. The dealer having well shuffled the cards, presents them to his adversary

fary to cut, who should cut them neatly; after which, he deals each player twelve cards, by three and three, or by four and four; he then turns up the card which is at the top of the stock, and leaves it turned, and that suit becomes the trump.

There are at Imperial, cards that are called Honours, which are the king, queen, knave, ace, and seven, when you play with thirty-two cards, or the six when with thirty-six: each honour tells for four points, to him that has it, provided it is trumps, that is, of the suit turned up.

Observe, that the cards have always the same value, which is the common one, that is, as follows: king, queen, knave, ace, ten, nine, eight, seven, and six; the highest card in the same suit always winning the lower.

And observe too, that when there are three players, each having twelve cards, there is consequently no stock, so that to make the trump, the dealer turns up his last card, and that suit is trumps.

The cards being thus dealt, and the trump made, he who is eldest hand begins as a Piquet, by collecting together that suit of which he has the most, in order to make his point, which he then calls, and for which, if his adversary cannot parry it, that is, he has not more, he counts four; for if he has an equality only, the eldest hand counts for it by virtue of his seniority, but if the younger has more, he in like manner counts four for the point.

But he must examine before he names his point, if he has any Imperial, for if he has, he must shew it, or else he cannot count it. There are several sorts of Imperials, and each counts twenty-four points.

The first sort of Imperial is the four kings, the four queens, the four knaves, the four aces, or the four sevens, when you play with thirty-two, or the four sixes, when with thirty-six cards.

The second is the king, queen, knave, and ace of the same sort.

There is also the Imperial tournee, or turned-up Imperial; which is, when you turn up a king, queen, knave, ace, seven, or six, and have the other three of the same rank in your hand; or when you turn up a king, queen, knave, or ace, and have the three others of the same suit, by which you compleat the king, queen, knave, and ace.

Lastly, there is the wor Imperial, which is, when you have a king, queen, &c. and win the other trump that makes up the Imperial; but this takes place only in trumps.

Observe, that he who has in hand the king, queen, and ace of the same suit that is turned up, counts two Imperials.

After the Imperials are counted, which to be good must be called and shewn down on the board; you then call your point, as has been said; then he who is eldest hand leads such card as he thinks proper, to which his adversary must play in the same suit, if he has it, and must take it if he can, or else trump it, for the renounce is not only forbid at this game, but also the passing of a card that you can win; after this manner all the cards are played; each player then counts what tricks he has got, and he that has the most, counts four points for every trick that he has, more than the six that he ought to have.

You are to observe, that when there are three players, he that is obliged to play first, is obliged to begin by leading trumps, and that the rest of the game is played in the same manner as by two. He that makes more than the four tricks he ought to make, counts four points for each trick he makes more.

more. Such is in general the manner of playing the Imperial. Let us now see the method of marking and counting the game.

CHAP. II.

After having dealt the cards, and agreed what you played for, and how many Imperials you intend to play, there is a little basket or box placed at the end of the table, with fishes and counters, that serve to mark the game. Imperial is marked with one fish, and the fours that are won with a counter for each four, and when you have six counters marked, you put in their place a fish, which is an Imperial; each Imperial being equal to twenty-four points.

If the dealer turns up an honour, that is, a king, queen, knave, ace, or seven, when the game is of thirty-two, or a six when of thirty-six cards, he sets up a counter for it, which is equal to four points.

He that trumps with the six of trumps, or the seven when there is no six, or with the ace, knave, queen, or king, or by playing them otherwise, wins a trick, marks as many counters which each stands for four, as he has won tricks with his honours.

He who plays an honour that his adversary wins, by one that is higher, instead of counting for the honour he played, he that wins the trick marks a counter for each honour; in like manner, he that plays the seven of trumps when there is no six, or the six, and the other wins it with a trump that is not an honour, he that wins marks for it, though he did not play it.

He who after the deal is finished, has more than the twelve cards he ought to have for his own game, marks four points for each trick that he has more than the other. The trick consists of two cards when there are two players, and of three when there are three.

And so, as was before said, he that has most points marks four for them, whether they consist of three, four, five, six, seven, eight, or nine cards; observing, that when the point is equal, the eldest counts four for it by seniority.

You see here the different points that are counted, and which collected together make an Imperial. It remains to be observed, that these points may become void when they are under twenty-four, or six counters; for example, if one of the players has made the preceding deal twenty points, at least, and his adversary has an Imperial in hand, or by the turn-up card, he thereby renders void the twenty points of the other, who is obliged to take them down without taking down what he may have marked himself, unless the other should have an Imperial also, which effaces in like manner what points he may have. Each Imperial is marked by a fish, in favour of him that has it. The Imperial, which is marked when you have collected six counters together, effaces in like manner the points which the adversary may have, and is marked as the other with a fish in favour of him that has it. The play is thus carried down, till one of the two players has made the number of Imperials at which the party is fixed.

You are first to count the turn-up card, then the two Imperials which you have in hand, or with the turn, when they take place; then the point; after that the honours which are gained in play, and lastly, what is won by the cards.

As the most certain instructions for playing the game is contained in the following rules, it is proper to refer the reader to them, without amusing him with an useless detail.

LAWS OF THE GAME OF IMPERIAL.

1. When the pack is false, the deal

deal where it is discovered is void: the preceding ones stand good.

2. If there comes one or more faced cards in dealing, there must be a new deal.

3. The cards are to be dealt by threes or fours.

4. He that deals wrong, loses the deal, and one Imperial.

5. If there is a faced card in the stock, it does not prevent the deal from being played.

6. He that mixes his game with the stock loses the party.

7. He that forgets to count his point, loses it: it is the same of the Imperial.

8. If you do not shew your point before your Imperial, you lose it.

9. Every honour that is played, is worth four points to him that wins it.

10. He that could take a card and does not, loses an Imperial, whether he has a better in that suit, or has none in that suit; or has none of that suit, but has a trump.

11. He that renounces, that is, does not play to a suit led, when he has two of it, loses two Imperials.

12. The Imperials that are lost by him that commits these faults, are the profits of his adversary, unless he has points to set off, which in that case he may do.

13. He that has an Imperial in hand, or by the turn, when it is good, effaces his adversary's points: it is the same when he makes up his Imperial by counting up his points.

14. He that makes an Imperial with the points for the cards he wins, prevents his adversary from having any points marked; whereas he that makes it up by the honours that he wins in the play, cannot prevent his adversary from marking what he wins by the cards, if he wins them.

15. The turn takes place in finishing the party before an Imperial in hand; the Imperial in hand before the Imperial turned, if there is one; the Imperial turned before the point; the point before the Imperial that is won in play, and that Imperial before the honours; and the honours before the cards, which are the last points that are counted on the game.

16. The Imperial turned, and that which is won in play, are not admitted but when you play without restriction.

17. The Imperial takes place only in trumps.

18. The Imperial of trumps in hand goes for two, without counting what is marked for honours.

19. When the points are equal, the eldest hand only marks for it.

20. He that quits the party before it is finished, loses it, unless it be by mutual consent.

LORD CAMELFORD AND LIEUTENANT PETERSON.

THE following statement is given in a letter from an Officer of his Majesty's ship Vengeance, dated English Harbour, Antigua, February 9.

"No doubt you have heard of the death of Lieutenant Peterson, of his Majesty's ship Perdrix, who was shot by Lord Camelford. The circumstances of this *new* catastrophe in our annals of naval transactions are as as follow:

"Lord Camelford has the rank of Master and Commander, and has the command of his Majesty's sloop of war, the Favourite. The Favourite and Perdrix were lying in English harbour, on Saturday, the 13th of January, at which time Captain Fahie, of the Perdrix, was absent in St. Kitt's. Mr. Peterson was first Lieutenant of the Perdrix. Lord Camelford as being Commanding officer at that time in English

glish harbour, ordered Lieutenant Peterſon to row guard in the harbour for that night; this order Lieutenant Peterſon refuſed to obey, Captain Fahie being Lord Camelford's Senior Officer, and his Lordſhip having, therefore, in his opinion, no right to give the order. Both ſhips were hauled alongſide the Dock-yard, repairing, and the Companies of each ſhip collected round the party in the Dock-yard, where the altercation began. Many words paſſed between the Lieutenant and his Lordſhip, but ſtill Mr. Peterſon refuſed to obey. About twelve of the crew of the Perdrix came to the ſpot armed, in a few minutes afterwards; and Lord Camelford brought ſix of his marines to the place armed alſo. Mr. Peterſon now drew up his men in a line, and he ſtood at their head with his ſword by his ſide. Lord Camelford alſo drew up his ſix men in a line fronting the Perdrix's people, and diſtant about four yards. His Lordſhip then quitted the place for about two minutes, and returned with a piſtol in his hand, which he had borrowed of an Officer of the yard. Mr. Peterſon was ſtanding at the head of his men, as before, with his ſword drawn, the point of it reſting on the ground; in this poſition Lord Camelford went up to him with his piſtol in his hand, and ſaid, "Do you ſtill perſiſt in refuſing to obey my orders?" To which the Lieutenant anſwered, "Yes, I do refuſe." On which Lord Camelford inſtantly clapped the piſtol to his right breaſt, and fired. Mr. Peterſon fell on his back immediately, and never ſpoke a word more, or moved, as the ball went entirely through his body. His corpſe was then carried into the capſtan-houſe, where Lord Camelford attended, and examined the body. The armed part of the crews of the two ſhips quietly went aboard their own ſhips; and Lord Camelford gave himſelf up as a priſoner to Captain Matſon, of the Beaver ſloop of war, in which ſhip he was carried up to the Admiral in Fort Royal Bay, and there tried and acquitted. His Lordſhip gave in a very admirable written defence, containing eighteen pages, very cloſely written. He is now returned to this place, and is again in command of his ſhip. Lieutenant Peterſon was a native of Nevis, of a very reſpectable family there, and quite a youth. Two of his brothers are now here, collecting evidence, for the purpoſe of ſeeing what can be done againſt Lord Camelford in a Civil Court of Juſtice. The Coroner's Inqueſt on Mr. Peterſon brought in their verdict—*Loſt his life in a Mutiny.*

"When the people of St. John's firſt heard of this tranſaction, there was a party preparing themſelves to come to Engliſh Harbour, to kill Lord Camelford, as this fatal affair had filled the minds of the lower ſort of people full of revenge againſt him; but on being informed of the true ſtate of the caſe, they deſiſted from their hoſtile viſit. Lord Camelford appears to me to be a new character in his *claſs*. His perſon is not altogether unlike the late Lord George Gordon's, when he was of the ſame age; their *whimiſm* is ſomewhat ſimilar. Lord Camelford provides a table of plenty of good freſh meat every day for the men who are ſick in his ſhip. He is very ſevere in carrying on duty; ſeldom ties up a man but he gets ſix or ſeven dozen laſhes, which is a more ſevere puniſhment in this country, than what is produced by giving the ſame number in a northern climate. Although his Lordſhip is a Maſter and Commander, he does not ſet an expenſive example by wearing extravagant cloaths. He makes uſe of no ſwabs (gold ſhoulder knots), but ſtill appears in a Lieutenant's

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uniform. His dress is indeed extremely remarkable: *all the hair is shaved off his head,* on which he wears a monstrous large gold laced cocked hat, which, by its appearance, one would think, had seen service with Sir Walter Raleigh. He is dressed in a Lieutenant's plain coat, the buttons of which are as green with verdigrease as the ship's bottom; and with this all the rest of his dress corresponds."

PENURY.

A Singular instance of penury occurred in the person of John Little, Esq. bachelor, who died last week at his house in the neighbourhood of Kentish Town, aged 84, where he had resided more than forty years. The narrative of his life exemplifies the little utility of money when in the possession of such a man.

A few days prior to his demise, the physician who attended, observed how highly necessary it was that he should occasionally drink a glass of wine. After much persuasion he was induced to comply; but by no means would entrust even his housekeeper with the key of the cellar, but insisted on being carried down to the door, which, on being opened, he, in person, delivered out one bottle of wine, when, it is supposed, that from being removed from a warm bed into a dark humid vault, he was seized with a shivering fit, which terminated in an apoplectic stroke, and occasioned his death; and so great was his antipathy to the marriage state, that he discarded his brother, the only relative he had, for not continuing, like himself, in a state of celibacy.

On his effects being examined, it appeared, that he had Twenty five Thousand Pounds in the different tontines, Eleven Thousand Pounds in the four per cents. and Two Thousand Pounds in landed property. One hundred and seventy-three pairs of breeches, and a numerous collection of other articles of wearing apparel were found in a room which had not been opened for upwards of fourteen years. One hundred and eighty wigs were found in the coach-house, which had been bequeathed to him, with other things by different relations, whom he survived, and to which the offending brother becomes entitled.

HOLMAN'S BENEFIT.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

CURIOSITY.

A New Play under the above title was ushered into public notice on Tuesday evening, April 17, for the benefit of Mr. Holman, with high pretensions, as the production of the late King of Sweden. Frequently have we been in the habit of seeing expectation wound to an extraordinary pitch, and as miserably disappointed. But in the present instance, without investigating the legitimacy of the claim with respect to the noble parent, from whom the piece professes to derive its origin, we must candidly confess, that it possesses sufficient intrinsic merit to entitle it to approbation, without the adventitious recommendation of royal birth. Whether we consider it in an historical or moral light, it boasts an equal claim to our unqualified applause. As an historical drama, it holds forth a lesson highly useful and salutary under the existing

ing circumstances: as a moral performance, abstracted from all political reference, it impresses the mind with a strong conviction of the evils which result from unrestrained inquisitiveness and an unbounded indulgence of the malevolent passions of party discord and revenge.

The scene is laid in Poland, at the Castle of the Dowager Countess of Almeston, whose two sons have espoused opposite parties in the civil wars of that kingdom. The eldest, siding with the unsuccessful competitor for the throne, is outlawed, and proclaimed a traitor to the state. After an absence of six years he returns disguised to his patrimonial inheritance, in the vicinity of which he conceals himself, in hopes of obtaining an interview with his mother, and Lady Almanda, a Protegee of the Countess, to whom it afterwards appears he has been privately married previous to his taking part in the civil war. In the Park he meets with a female domestic of the Castle, whom he commissions to deliver a letter into Almanda's own hands, securing, as he hopes, her fidelity, by a present of a sum of money. The title, and, indeed, the leading events of the piece, all hinge upon the constitutional propensity of the sex (we humbly hope our fair readers will not take umbrage at the remark) to pry into the secrets of others. The maid, not immediately meeting with an opportunity of delivering the letter to Almanda, cannot refrain from imparting the secret of her commission to Lady Anne, the daughter of the Countess. The natural curiosity of the sex impels both Lady Anne and the servant to make several attempts to discover the contents of the letter, by peeping between the folds; in doing which the seal is at length broken. Having gone thus far, they conceive they run no greater danger of detection in opening it, and reading it at their leisure; which they accordingly do, and by this means learn that the stranger in the Park has secrets of the greatest importance to communicate to Almanda. At this crisis the Governor of the Province arrives at the Castle, being commissioned to protect it against the assaults of banditti and insurgents, who, it is apprehended, may meditate some sudden attack against it in its present defenceless state. The Governor is violently, but honourably, in love with Almanda, who, from the delicate circumstances in which she is placed (her union with Count Almeston being cautiously concealed) labours under considerable difficulty to discountenance his addresses, without betraying the important secret of her marriage. The Count now discovers himself to the Steward, between whom and himself a very affecting scene ensues, on the supposed inconstancy of Almanda, whose nuptials with the Governor are expected to be solemnized the following day. The faithful steward conceals his master in a subterraneous retreat, the local situation of which is known solely to himself. Mean while a Lord Goram, an inveterate enemy to the family of Almeston, and a base wretch, who has crept into power by the most unwarrantable and sinister practices, gains intelligence that a stranger, of very suspicious demeanour, has been seen in the domains of the Castle. Of this circumstance he eagerly avails himself, to gratify his revenge, and with that diabolical design repairs to the Castle. He conceals the black malevolent purposes of his heart under the mask of loyalty and patriotism, and by practising upon the weakness of female curiosity, wrests at last

last the fatal secret from Lady Anne, that a stranger, whom she, little dreaming it to be her own brother, supposes to be an Ambassador from the victorious Prince, is actually concealed in the Castle, and is even apprized of the avenue leading to his retreat. Gomar now attempts to bribe the steward to betray his master by the promise of a great reward; but finding the fidelity of this old servant inflexible, he resolves to employ force. He returns in a little time, escorted by a file of hussars, and forcibly breaks open the gates leading to the subterraneous passage. Count Almeston is now dragged forth from his concealment, and made captive by the soldiery in the presence of his disconsolate wife, who, distracted with grief, sinks under her unutterable woes, faints, and falls to the ground. But in the moment when Goram flatters himself that he has the victim of his malice in his clutches, and anticipates the hellish sweets of revenge, a band of armed peasants, vassals to the Countess, rush forward to rescue their young Lord. Here a most excellent moral lesson is inculcated, which justly deserves to be noticed with the highest applause. Count Almeston nobly disdains to purchase his life and liberty at the expence of the blood of his honest friends, whom he forewarns of the danger of resisting lawful authority, and declares he will rather cast himself upon the justice and laws of his country, than implicate his brave defenders in the crime of treason. This disinterested conduct on the part of the Count meets with its due reward, by the arrival of the Governor, who, after upbraiding Gomar for his detestable malice, brings the welcome tidings that he has procured the Count's pardon. This act of generosity he crowns, by waving his pretensions to Almanda in favour of Almeston, and uniting the lovers, the husband and wife, after such a long and painful absence.

We cannot conclude this sketch, without observing, that we have seldom seen a play which yielded us greater gratification. It was, indeed, from the cast of the plot, strongly tinctured with political allusions, but the sentiments were so noble, so just, so liberal, that they called forth the most unqualified applause. They were of a far superior kind to what we have generally been in the habit of witnessing. They were the emanations of true patriotism, true loyalty; and not the froth, the vapour, the unsubstantial ebulition of playhouse rant, and unmeaning vociferation. The actors, it is but justice to add, did ample justice to the piece. Mrs. Pope played divinely, and if, at times, she was transported beyond the strict modesty of nature by the exuberancy of her powers, we may apply to her the memorable lines of Pope.

" If to her share some little errors fall,
" Look in her face, and you'll forget them
" all."

The Prologue, spoken by Mr. Holman, possessed considerable poetical merit: it contained a very just and handsome eulogium on the late King of Sweden, and was very ably delivered. And what is not a little remarkable in the present state of the drama, when Prologues, speaking in general terms, bear no analogy whatever to the play, it was strictly appropriate.

Of the Epilogue we cannot speak so favourably. It was one of those motly compositions which might be tagged to the end of any Play with equal propriety. Miss Betterton gave it all the effect it was capable of.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

EXERCISE.

DR. Cadogan begins his celebrated Treatise on the Gout with a quotation from St. Evremond. "To enjoy good health is better than to command the world;" the truth of which is seldom felt till it is too late to profit by it. The grand desiderati in this world are competence and health; without the latter we can enjoy nothing, and without the former we have nothing to enjoy. Riches acquired by honourable industry, have a charm which the indolent are strangers to; and health, the result of temperance and exercise, yields the more exquisite sensation from the reflection, that we have deserved it by our rational conduct. To indolence, intemperance, or vexation, the author above-mentioned ascribes most of the bodily ills that afflict mankind. But we shall find the two latter are very frequently produced by the first of these causes. When we consider the nature of most medicines, we shall perceive they profess to do what judicious exercise will effect in a superior manner One is a strengthener of the solids, another braces the nerves; this a corroborant; this a promoter of all the natural secretions; this draught will create an appetite, and that occasion perspiration; but the man who has fairly tried and considered the effect of strong exercise, will bear testimony of its infinite superiority over all the materia medica, and all the laboured prescriptions that have bewildered the faculty. The ancients indeed considered the regulation of exercise as a material part of regular practice. Vexation will seldom make head against its power *. Even intemperance is a long time in making inroads, where exercise is opposed to it. Habitual intemperance, it is true, must in the end meet that punishment which is due to a vice that degrades human nature, and which defeats the end it aims at; for the sensations of the intemperate are destroyed, while temperance, actuating every pleasure, gives the completion of human enjoyment †. The constant use of the Bath, as essential to cleanliness, is of the utmost consequence to health, and it is astonishing in so affluent a

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* It may seem a strange definition of happiness to say, that it consists in a quick and unobstructed circulation of the blood; but, before we pronounce it extravagant, let us observe the effect of wine, short of intoxication. Without the smallest alteration of external circumstances, the desponding wretch, whom every mischance depressed, is in a few minutes raised to the full pitch of happiness, and laughs at the evil which before he dared not face; and this effect of the cordial draught is more or less striking, as the vessels are more or less obstructed by unhealthy humours, which, when they are in great excess, resist the impulse and stupifaction, instead of exhileration, which is the consequence. Such is the connection between the soul and body in this state of existence, that the corporeal fetters must be kept in a state of elasticity to allow the free motion of the spirit.

† Women are often the martyrs to indolence, from the erroneous idea, that great exercise destroys the delicate texture of the skin; but the writer of these observations has had the pleasure of witnessing a perfect reputation of this absurdity, in a woman of exquisite beauty and delicacy, on whose cheek the resplendent glow of health, compleated the fascination of female charms. This lady made constant use of the Cold Bath, and took in all weather sufficient exercise, either on foot or on horseback, to keep the circulation in its full flow. (An idle lounge, under the name of a walk, by no means answer this purpose.) The grace and ease which she displayed in dancing threw all rivalship at a distance; and, in short, the only ill she had to encounter was, the envy of those whose false ideas of luxury and elegance, had, at an early period, deprived them of the power to captivate.

country it should be so much neglected. On the subject of Exercise, Dryden's celebrated lines cannot be too often repeated:

"The first Physicians by debauch were
"made,
"Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade:
"The wise for health on exercise depend;
"God never made his works for man to
"mend."

ENGRAVING OF THE EARL OF DARLINGTON'S DOG KENNEL, AT RABY, TO FACE THIS PAGE.

STANDROP, MARCH 6, 1798.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

I Send you enclosed Mr. Stephen Robson's drawing of the Earl of Darlington's dog-kennel, in Raby Park, in the county of Durham, which, no doubt, you will think worthy of a place in your Magazine. It is situated about a quarter of a mile North West of the Castle, and presents a most pleasing object from several parts of the Park, being on rising ground. This kennel for convenience cannot be exceeded by any. His Lordship is very well known to be the keenest sportsman in the North, hunting pretty regularly five days in the week during the season, and is attended with a great number of neighbouring Sportsmen. Raby is undoubtedly situated in the first sporting country in the North of England.

Your's, &c.
W. W.

P. S. Mr. Robson offers to send you a drawing of his Lordship's elegant stables, if acceptable.

The drawing thus offered, will undoubtedly be very acceptable to our readers.

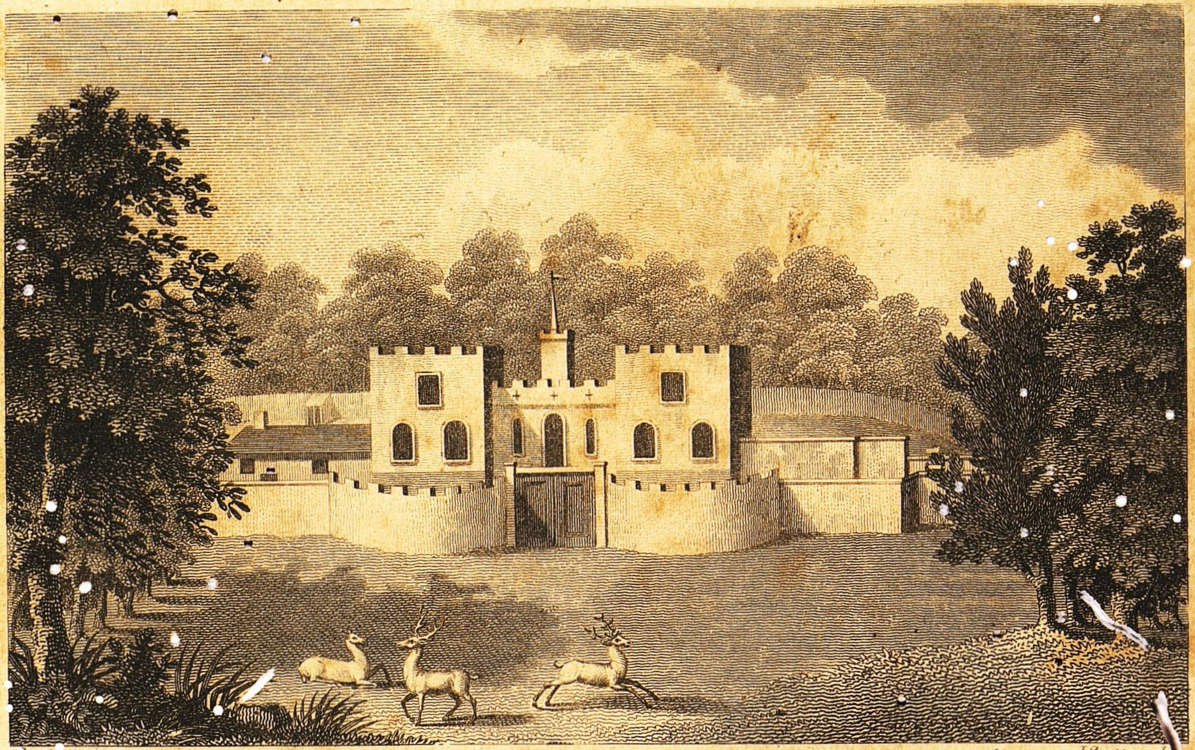
FARO BANKURPTCY.

A Meeting of the creditors of John Martindale was held on Saturday, April 14, for the purpose of admitting further proof of debts, and of declaring a dividend.

A debt, amounting to upwards of five hundred pounds, was attempted to be proved by a Mr. Spike. As evidence of it, he produced a promissory note of the Bankrupt, drawn in the usual and regular way; but upon being interrogated by the Commissioners as to the consideration for which the note was given, he acknowledged that, some time since, having a sum of money by him, he was induced to advance it to the Bankrupt, through the medium of a Mr. Hunt, the Bankrupt's agent. For this sum of Five Hundred Pounds, he was to have a 20th share in a Faro Bank, about to be opened by the Bankrupt, and from which immense profits were expected. Mr. Spike admitted he was to run all risque of profit and loss. The bank not being opened by the time agreed on, Mr. Spike grew uneasy, and accordingly applied to the Bankrupt for his money, who paid him interest at the rate of five per cent. for the time it had been advanced, and gave him his note for the principal.

It was contended by Mr. Onslow, that as the Bank never was opened, nor the purpose for which the money was advanced, carried into execution, the original contract was therefore void: and that a new and *bona fide* contract was created by the Bankrupt's paying legal interest, and giving a fair security, and therefore that Mr. Spike ought to be admitted to prove his debt.

Mr. Const was ready to have argued against this doctrine, but the Commissioners thought it unnecessary. They were of o[illegible] that



J. Robson del.t J. Scott. sculp.

VIEW of the EARL of DARLINGTON'S Dog-kennel, at RABY.

the money having been advanced upon an illegal and gaming speculation, with a view to derive an advantage from the profits of a Faro Bank, it was not such a debt as ought to be proved under the Commission. The original contract being upon a gaming consideration, it was so vitiated and contaminated, that no subsequent arrangement could alter its nature, or make that a just debt which was originally an illegal one.

An application to prove a large debt, under circumstances in some respects similar to the last case, was made by a Mr. Kingsman. He, however, absolutely refused to inform the Commissioners upon what consideration his demand arose, and they as absolutely refused to let him prove.

Mr. Crewe came forward with a bond of between Five and Six Hundred Pounds. He candidly admitted the money had been advanced towards setting up a Faro Bank. His claim was accordingly rejected.

The parties are not *yet* without hopes of their claims being allowed. It is not *impossible* but the Chancellor may determine different from his Commissioners.

These applications having been disposed of, the Commissioners proceeded to declare the first dividend, which amounted to *one shilling* and *five pence* in the pound!

CASE OF GUN-SHOT WOUNDS.

A Case of gun-shot wounds has lately come to our knowledge, of so singular a nature that we could not credit it, had we not taken proper pains to inform ourselves of all the circumstances:—Mr. Barkley, of Michael's place, Brompton, (thieves having for some time molested the neighbourhood) kept two horse pistols loaded in his bed-chamber; they were put by the bed-side upon a wash-stand. Having neglected one morning to remove them, the maid-servant, by some accident threw the stand over, when one of the pistols went off, and the whole contents (six balls) went through the head of Mr. Barkley's boy, about twenty-three months old. One ball went in between the eyes, one in the forehead, and the rest lower down; but five of them are known to have come out at different parts of the top of the head, the shot having taken a slanting direction upwards. A surgeon was called in, and dressed the wounds. It is now almost two months since the accident happened, and the child is not only out of danger, but almost well!

THE GERMAN DOCTOR, FROM HE'S MUCH TO BLAME, A COMEDY.

[See account of this Play in our Magazine, (Vol. XI.) for February, page 271.]

SCENE II.

THE HALL OF A HOTEL.

MASTER OF THE INN—DR. COSTERMAN.

Mas. GOOD morrow, Doctor.

Dr. Coot morgen, my tear friend. Is de Fiprate family fisible to see?

Mas. Not yet.

Dr. My lordtship und my latyship vas sharge me to be mit dem betime.

Mas. You are a great favourite there, Doctor.

Dr. Ya, sair. Dat I am efery vhere.

Mas. You act in a double capacity: physician, and privy counsellor.

Dr. Und I am as better in de von as in de oder.

Maſ. Why ay, Doctor, you have a ſmooth pleaſant manner.

Dr. Ya, ſair. Dat is my vay. I mix de ſyrup mit all my preſcription.

Maſ. Ay, ay, you are a uſeful perſon.

Dr. Ya, ſair. Dat is my vay. I leave Yarmany und I com at Englandt mit little money, und great cunning in de art, und de ſcience. I ſhall af de eſſence, und de cream, und de balſam, und de ſyrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earſe, und de ſea, und all dat va ſubject under my command. So I make de nation benefit, und myſelf riſh. Dat is my vay.

Maſ. Yes; you can tickle the guineas into your pocket.

Dr. Ya, ſair. Dat is my vay.

Maſ. You have had many patients?

Dr. Ya, ſair. I af cure touſand und touſand! Dat is my vay.

Maſ. And how many have you killed, Doctor?

Dr. Der Teufel, ſair! Kill? Ven my patient vas die, dat vas Nature dat vas kill. Ven dey vas cure, dat vas Dr. Von Goſtermans. Dat is my vay. No, ſair! Dr. Von Goſtermans vas kill himſelf, dat oder people may live.

Maſ. How do you mean kill yourſelf, Doctor?

Dr. Der Teufel, ſair! Vas I not be call here? Vas I not be call dere? Vas I not be call efery vhere? I af hundert und touſand patient dat die efery day, till I vas com. So I vas drive to de city; und dere I vas meet my beſten friend, de gout, de apoplexy, und de aſthmatica: und den I vas drive to de inn of court, und de lawyer; und dere I vas find more of my beſten friend; de hydropica, de rheumatica, und de paralytica.

Maſ. What, Doctor! The lawyers and inns of court paralytic?

Dr. Ya, ſair.

Maſ. I wiſh they were, with all my ſoul!

Dr. Und den I vas drive und make my reverence mit de lordt, und mit de duke, und mit de grandee; und dere I vas meet moſh oder of my beſten friend; de hypochondrica, de ſpaſmodica, de hyſterica, de maraſma, de morbid affection, de tremor, und de miſt before de eye.

Maſ. Morbid affections, tremors, and miſts before the eyes, the diſeaſes of the great?

Dr. Ya, ſair. Und dey vas grow vorſe und vorſe efery day.

Maſ. Well, well, they have choſen a ſkilful doctor!

Dr. Ya, ſair. I ſhall do all deir buſineſs, efery von. Dat is my vay. I ſhall af de eſſence, und de cream, und de balſam, und de ſyrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earſe, und de ſea, und all dat vas ſubject under my command. Dat is my vay. Bote dat is as noting at all. Ah ſa, my liebſte; you vas my beſten friend. You make me acquaint myſelf mit all de patient dat vas come to your houſe; and ſo I vas your beſten friend, und I vas gif de phyſic for yourſelf, und de phyſic for your ſhile, und de phyſic for your vife.

Maſ. For which my wife will never more thank you, Doctor.

Dr. No: your vife vas die, und you vas tank me yourſelf. So now you tell me; Af you any new cuſtomer dat vas com?

Maſ. Yes: a youth, and a girl that looks like a waiting maid, arrived late laſt night.

Dr. Vhich it vas a perſon of grandeur?

Maſ. Oh no: wholly unattended.

Dr. Ah ah! Vhich it vas a loving couple, den?

Maſ.

Maſ. It ſeems not.

Dr. A poy und a vaiting vomans! Dere ſhall be someting myſtery in dat.

Maſ. So I think. Here comes the girl.

Dr. Ah, ah! Let me do: I ſhall talk to her. I ſhall begin by make acquaintance mit her.

SCENE III.

Enter LUCY *down the ſtaircaſe.*

Lu. Pray, ſir, deſire the waiter to make haſte with breakfaſt.

Maſ. Here, Jenkins! Breakfaſt to No. 9! Be quick!

Jenk. (*Without*) Yes, ſir.

Maſ. Tea or coffee, madam?

Lu. Tea.

Dr. How you do, my tear? You vas pretty young frau: fery pretty girl, my tear. Perhaps you vas ſtranger, my tear?

Lu. Perhaps I am.

Dr. Ah! Vat is your name, my tear?

Lu. That which my Godmother gave me.

Dr. Your maiſter af made de long yourney, my tear.

Lu. Has he?

Dr. From vat country you com, my tear?

Lu. Hem!

Dr. I aſk, from vat country, you com, my tear.

Lu. Aſk again.

Dr. From the town of —— Ha!

Lu. Ay. How do you call it?

Dr. Dat is vat I want you ſhall tell?

Lu. I ſee you do.

Dr. Your maſtair is fery young, my tear.

Lu. Thank you, ſir.

Dr. For vat you tank me?

Lu. For your news.

Dr. Ah, ah! You are fery vitty und pretty, my tear.

Lu. More news. Thank you again.

Dr. Vat vas you call de young gentleman's name?

Lu. I will aſk, and ſend you word.

Dr. How long ſhall he be ſtay in town?

Lu. Till he goes into the country.

Dr. Fat is your capacity, my tear?

Lu. Like yours, little enough.

Dr. You not underſtandt me, my tear. Vat is your poſt, your office?

Lu. To anſwer rude queſtions.

Dr. Your maſtair is man of family?

Lu. Yes. He had a father, and mother, and uncles, and aunts.

Dr. Und tey vas tead?

Lu. I am not a tombſtone.

Dr. Com, com, my tear, let you make me anſwer.

Lu. Anan?

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Here is the breakfaſt, madam.

Lu. Take it up ſtairs.

[*Exeunt* Lucy *and* Waiter *up the ſtaircaſe.*]

Dr. Der Teufel! A cunning yipſey! She has make me raiſe my curioſity. (*Calls.*) My tear! My tear! Com pack, my tear! (*Lucy returns.*) Do my compliment to your maſtair, und I ſhall make me moſh happy if I ſhall af de honeur to make me acquaintance mit him. My name is call Dr. Von Goſtermans. I ſhall af de eſſence, und de cream, und de balſam, und de ſyrup, und de electric, und de magnetic, und de mineral, und de vegetable, und de air, und de earſe, und de ſea, und all dat vas ſubject under my command. I ſhall af de beſt recommendation for de honeſt Docteur dat vas poſſible. My Lordt and my Laty Fiprate vas my beſten friend. I vas practice mit all de piggeſt family in de uniferſe. Docteur Von Goſtermans vas know efery poty; and efery poty vas know.

know Docteur Von Gostermans. You tell him dat, my tear.

Lu. Tell him that? I cannot remember half of it! Are you, sir, acquainted with Lord Vibrate's family?

Dr. Ya, my tear, I vas make friendship mit dem more as many year.

Lu. And do you know where they are?

Mas. To be sure he does. They are in this—

Dr. (*Aside to Master.*) Hush! Silence your tongue! Dere is someting mystery. (*Aloud.*) If you shall make me introduce to your mastair, my tear, I shall tell him efery ting und more as dat, my tear. Vill you, my tear?

Lu. I will go and enquire.

Dr. Tank you, my tear. You are fery pretty girl, my tear: fery vitty pretty—Ah! You are so sly cunning little yipsey, my tear. Ah, ah! [*Exeunt.*

The Interview on a Challenge given by Mr. Delaval, to Sir George Versatile, from the same Comedy, Act V. Scene III.

Changes to the house of Sir George. —Sir George *walking in perturbation of mind. After some time he looks at his watch.*

Sir G. He will soon be here—Five minutes—but five minutes and then—(*Walks again, throws himself on a sofa, takes up a book, tosses it away and rises.*) What is man's first duty? To be happy. Short sighted fool! The happiness of this hour is the misery of the next! (*Again walks and looks at his watch*) What is life? A tissue of follies! Inconsistencies! Joys that make reason weep, and sorrows at which wisdom smiles. Pshaw! There is not between ape and oyster so ridiculous or so wretched a creature as man. (*Walks*) Oh Maria! (*Again consulting his watch*) I want but a few seconds. My watch perhaps is too fast. (*Rings*)

Enter Footman.

Sir G. Has nobody yet been here.

Foot. No, sir.

Sir G. 'Tis the time to a minute. (*Loud knocking*) Fly! If it be the person I have described, admit him. [*Exit Footman.*

Sir G. Now let the thunder strike!

SCENE IV.

Delaval *introduced. They salute.*

Sir G. Good morning, sir!

Del. You recollect me?

Sir G. Perfectly.

Del. 'Tis well.

Sir G. I have been anxious for your coming. Your menace lives in my memory; and I shall be glad to know the name of him who has threatened such mortal enmity.

Del. A little patience will be necessary. I must preface my proceedings with a short story.

Sir G. I shall be all attention. Please to be seated. Wave ceremony, and to the subject—(*They sit*) Now, sir

Del. About six years ago, a certain youth came up from college; poor, and unprotected. He was a scholar, pleasing in manner, warm and generous of temper, of a respectable family, and seemed to possess the germ of every virtue.

Sir G. Well, sir.

Del. Hear me on: my praises will not be tedious. Chance made him known to a man who desired to cherish his good qualities; and the purse, the experience, and the power of his benefactor, such as they were, he profited by to the utmost. Received as a son, he soon became dear to the family: but most dear to the daughter of his friend; whose tender age and

glow-

glowing affections, made her apt to admire the virtues she heard her father so ardently praise, and encourage. You are uneasy?

Sir G. Be pleased to continue.

Del. The assiduities of the youth to gain her heart were unabating; and his pretensions, poor and unknown as he then was, were not rejected. The noble nature of his friend scorned to make his poverty his crime. Why do you bite your lip? Was it not generous?

Sir G. Sir!

Del. (*Firmly*) Was it not?

Sir G. Certainly! Nothing could —equal the—generosity.

Del. The health of his benefactor was declining fast; and the only thing required of the youth was that he should qualify himself for the cares of life, by some profession. He therefore entered a student in the Temple; and the means were furnished by his protector, till the end was obtained. Was not this friendship?

Sir G. It was.

Del. The lady, almost a child when first he knew her, increased in grace and beauty faster than in years. Sweetness and smiles played upon her countenance. She was the delight of her friends, the admiration of the world, and the coveted of every eye. Lovers of fortune and fashion contended for her hand: but she had bestowed her heart—had bestowed it on a— Sit still, sir; I shall soon have done. I am coming to the point. Five years elapsed; during which the youth received every kindness friendship could afford, and every proof chaste affection had to give. These he returned with promises and protestations that seemed too vast for his heart. I would say for his tongue—Are you unwell, sir?

Sir G. Go on with your tale.

Del. His benefactor, feeling the hand of death steal on, was anxious to see the two persons dearest to his heart happy before he expired; and the marriage was determined on, the day fixed, and the friends of the family invited. The intended bridegroom appeared half frantic with his approaching bliss. Now, sir, mark his proceeding. In this short interval, by sudden and unexpected deaths, he becomes the heir to a title and large estate. Well! Does he not fly to the arms of his languishing friend? Does he not pour his new treasures and his transports into the lap of love? Coward and monster!

Sir G. (*Both starting up*) Sir!

Del. Viler than words can paint! Having robbed a family of honour, a friend of peace, and an angel of every human solace, he fled, like a thief, and concealed himself from immediate contempt and vengeance in a foreign country. But contempt and vengeance have at length overtaken him: they beset him: they face him at this instant. The friend he wronged is dead: but the son of that friend lives, and I am he.

Sir G. 'Tis as I thought!

Del. You are—I will not defile my lips by telling you what you are.

Sir G. I own that what I have done—

Del. Forbear to interrupt me, sir. You have nothing to plead, and much to hear. First say, did my sister, by any improper conduct, levity of behaviour, or fault or vice whatever, give you just cause to abandon her?

Sir G. None! None! Her purity is only exceeded by her love.

Del. Then how, barbarian, how had you the heart to disgrace the family and endanger the life of a woman whose sanctified affection would have embraced you in poverty, pestilence, or death; and who, had she possessed empires, would have bestowed them with an imperial affection?

Sir G. Sir, if you ask, Have I com-

committed errors? call them crimes if you will, Yes. If you demand, Will I justify them? No. If you require me to atone for them, here is my heart: you have wrongs to revenge, strike; and, if you can, inflict a pang greater than any it yet has known.

Del. Justice is not to be disarmed by being braved. To the question. It can be no part of your intention, and certainly not of mine, that you should marry my sister. Something very different must be done.

Sir G. What? Name it?

Del. You must give me an acknowledgment, written and signed by yourself, that you have basely and most dishonourably injured, insulted and betrayed Maria Delaval: and this paper, immediately as I leave your house, I shall publish in every possible way; till my sister shall be so appeased, and honour so satiated, that vengeance itself shall cry, Hold!

Sir G. Written by me! Published! No. I will sign no such paper.

Del. So I supposed; and the alternative follows. Here I am: nor will I quit you, go where you will, till you shall consent to retire with me to some place from which one of us must never return. Should I be the victor, flight, banishment from my native country, and the bitterest recollections of the villainies of man, must be the fate of me and my sister. If I fall, you then may triumph and she languish and die unrevenged. This, or the written acknowledgment. Consider, and choose.

Sir G. What can I answer? The paper you shall not have. My life you are welcome to: take it.

Del. Have you not brought disgrace enough on my family? Would you make me an assassin? My sister and my father loved you. Let me, if possible, feel some little return of respect for you.

Sir G. Having wronged the sister, would you have me murder the brother? Already the most guilty of men, would you make me the worst of fiends? Though an enemy, be a generous one.

Del. Plausible sophist! The paper, sir: or, man to man, and arm to arm, close the scene of my dishonour, or your own. The written acknowledgment. Determine. (*Walks away and views the pictures*)

Sir G. (*Apart*) Why, ay! 'Tis come home! I have sought it, deserved it, 'tis fallen, and the rock must crush the reptile!—Then welcome ruin. The sword must decide. (*Goes to take his sword, but stops*) The sword? What! Betray the sister and assassinate the brother! O God! and such a brother! Stern, but noble minded; indignant of injury, peerless in affection, and proud of a sister whom the world might worship; but whom I, worthless wretch, in levity and pride of heart, have abandoned. (*Aloud*) Mr. Delaval!

Del. Have you resolved to sign?

Sir G. Hear me.

Del. The written acknowledgment!

Sir G. My behaviour to your sister is—what I cannot endure to name—'Tis hateful!—'Tis infamous! My obligations to your most excellent father, the respect you have inspired me with, and my love for Maria—

Del. Insolent! Insufferable meanness! The paper, Sir!

Sir G. Angry though you are, Mr. Delaval, you must hear me. I say, my love, my adoration of Maria has but increased my guilt. It has made me dread her contempt. I durst not face the angel whom I had so deeply injured.

Del. Artifice! Evasion! Cowardice!—Your signature!

Sir

Sir G. (*Snatching up his ſword from the table*) You ſhall have it. Follow me.

Del. Fear me not.

Sir G. (*Stopping ſhort*) Hold, Mr. Delaval. Juſtice is on your ſide. If your firmneſs be not a ſavage ſpirit of revenge, if you do not thirſt for blood, you will feel my only reſource will be to fall on your ſword. I cannot lift my arm againſt you.

Del. Then ſign the acknowledgment.

Sir G. Can you in the ſpirit even of an enemy aſk it? Do you not already deſpiſe me enough? Think for a moment: am I the only man that ever erred? Is it ſo wonderful that a giddy youth, whoſe habitual failing was compliance, by ſudden accident elevated to the pinnacle of fortune, ſurrounded by proud and ſelfiſh relations, of whoſe approbation I was vain, is it ſo ſtrange that I ſhould be overpowered by their dictates, and yield to their intreaties? Your friendſhip or my death is now the only alternative. Suppoſe the latter: will it honour you among men? At the man of blood the heart of man revolts! Will it endear you to Maria? Kind forgiving angel, and hateful to myſelf as her affection makes me, I laſt night found that affection ſtill as ſtrong, ſtill as pure, as in the firſt hour of our infant loves. Lady Jane—

Del. Forbear to name her! 'Tis profanation from your lips! No more caſuiſtry! No ſubterfuge! The paper!

Sir G. Can no motives—

Del. None!

Sir G. My future life, my ſoul, ſhall be devoted to Maria.

Del. The paper!

Sir G. Obdurate man! (*Reflects a moment*) You ſhall have it. (*Goes to the table to write, during which Delaval remains deep in thought and much agitated*) Here, ſir! ſince *you* will not be generous, let *me* be juſt. 'Tis proper I remove every taint of ſuſpicion from the deeply wronged Maria.

Del. (*Reads with a faltering voice*) "I George Verſatile, once "poor and dependent, ſince vain, "fickle and faithleſs, do under my "hand acknowledge I have perfidiouſly—broken my pledged "promiſe—to the moſt deſerving "—lovely—and (*Begins in much agitation to tear the paper.*)

Sir G. Mr. Delaval?

Del. Damn it—I can't—I can't ſpeak. Here! Here! (*Striking his boſom.*)

Sir G. Mr. Delaval?

Del. My brother!

Sir G. (*Falls on his neck*) Can it be? My friend!

Del. This ſtubborn temper—always in extremes! The tiger, or the child.

Sir G. Oh no? 'Twas not to be forgiven! Beſt of men!

Del. Well, well: we are friends.

Sir G. Everlaſtingly! Brothers!

Del. Yes; brothers.

SCENE V.

Enter WILLIAMS *in great haſte.*

Will. Sir!

Del. How now?

Will. I beg your pardon, but Lady Jane and your ſiſter are below. They inſiſt on coming up, and the ſervants are afraid to—

Sir G. Maria! Let us fly!

[*Exeunt.*

SPORTING ANECDOTES.

HIS Royal Highneſs William Duke of Cumberland being at a Newmarket meeting juſt before the horſes ſtarted, he miſſed his pocket-book, containing ſome bank notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered ſeveral bets, he ſaid, "He had loſt his money

money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the Duke had intended to back, was distanced, so he consoled himself, "that the loss of his pocket-book was only a temporary evil, as he should have paid away as much had he betted to the *worthies of the turf*. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his Royal Highness with his pocket-book, saying, he had found it near the stand, but not had an opportunity of approaching him before; when the Duke most generously replied, "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands—keep it—had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the *black legs* and thieves of Newmarket.

The celebrated Beau Nash at one time having a disorder which prevented him from riding on horseback, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort often rallied him on the occasion, and told him that if he would produce him a hare that he (Nash) was at the taking of, his Grace in return, would make him a present of a buck in the season. Mr. Nash accordingly applied to one of his chairmen to get him a leveret, which he ordered to be hunted by six turnspit-dogs in a large room at Westgate-house, and was himself time enough to take it up alive. He then wrote a letter to the Duke, and sent the hare in a basket, by Bryan, (an Irishman) his running footman.

When Bryan got upon Lansdown, which is in the road to Badminton, where the Duke's seat is, he proposed great pleasure to himself in coursing the hare, as he had a favourite dog with him. He therefore took off his great coat which covered his running dress, and laid it down by the basket. After he had let the hare loose, she stood some time till he set the dog at her, at which she started from the place, and ran with speed to the first cover, Bryan following her till she was out of sight. When he came back for his coat and basket, he found, to his surprise, that both were gone. However, having Mr. Nash's letter to the Duke, he made the best of his way to Badminton. On his arrival there, his Grace ordered him up stairs, and asked him what news he had brought. Bryan answered, "Arrah by my shoul and shalvation, I have brought a letter for your Dukeship, and he immediately gave it to his Grace, who, after reading it, told Bryan, "he was glad the hare was come." By my shoul, (says Bryan) and so am I; but pray your Graceship is my great coat come too." The company being informed of the particulars, could scarce contain themselves at the fellow's simplicity. However, the Duke kept his word with Mr. Nash, and sent him a buck.

Nash being at York, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon proviso that he should stand at the great door of the Minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed. The Dean passing by, unfortunately knew him—"What," cried the divine, "Mr. Nash in masquerade?" "Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," said Nash, pointing to his companions. Some time after this, he won a wager of still greater consequence, by riding naked through a village upon a cow. This was then thought a harmless frolic.

In the year 1725, a giddy youth who had just resigned his fellowship at Oxford, brought his whole fortune to Bath; without the smallest degree of skill in play, he won a sufficient sum to make any unambitious man happy. His desire of gain increasing with his gains

gains, in the following October he was *at all*, and added four thousand pounds to his former capital. Mr. Nash one night invited him to supper, and told him there would come a time when he would repent having left the calm of a college life for the turbulent profession of a gamester. "You are a stranger to me, (said he) but to convince you of the part I take in your welfare, I'll give you fifty guineas to forfeit twenty every time you loose two hundred at one sitting." The young gentleman refused his offer, and was at last undone.

The late Duke of B—— being chagrined at losing a considerable sum, pressed Mr. Nash to tie him up for the future from playing deep. With this view the beau gave his Grace one hundred guineas to forfeit ten thousand, whenever he lost a sum to the same amount at one sitting. The Duke loved play to distraction; and soon at hazard lost eight thousand guineas, and was going to throw for three thousand more, when Nash, catching hold of the dice-box, intreated his Grace to reflect on the penalty if he lost; the Duke for that time desisted, but so strong was the furor of play upon him, that soon after, losing a considerable sum at Newmarket, he was contented to pay the penalty.

When the late Earl of T—d was a youth, he was passionately fond of play: Nash undertook to cure him. Conscious of his own superior skill, he determined to engage the Earl in single play for a very considerable sum. His Lordship lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage was deposited as the last stake, and he lost that also. Our generous gamester returned all; only stipulating, that he should be paid five thousand pounds whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made such demand during his Lordship's life; but some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in the wane, he demanded the money of his Lordship's heirs, who honourably paid it without any hesitation.

Nash was one day complaining to the late Earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play—"Would you think it my Lord, that damned bitch Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of 500l. Is it not suprising that my luck should never turn—that I should thus eternally be mauled"—"I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash, (said his Lordship) but all the world is surprised where you get it to loose."

While Sir Walter Raleigh was a scholar at Oxford, there was a fellow, who though of a cowardly disposition, happened to be a very expert archer, having been grosly abused by another, he complained of the treatment he had met with to Raleigh, and asked his advice.—"What shall I do," said he, to repair the wrongs I have received?"—"Challenge him," replied Sir Walter, "at a match of shooting."

The late Lord Uxbridge had a most uncommon passion for horses, insomuch that he never refused purchasing any that were offered, without regarding either the colour, sort, or size; and as he was always buying, and never sold any, at his death he was in possession of upwards of nine hundred, which were registered in the most particular manner, and they were called over in the same regular method observed in mustering a regiment. Though he was not very curious as to their breed, he would never suffer his horses and mares to copulate, unless he or his steward was present.

The following anecdote marks the manners of the age during the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and the character of another singular man. Lord Mark Ker and Lord Stair were at play in a coffee-house, when

when a stranger overlooked their game, and disturbed them with questions. Lord Mark said, "Let us throw the dice which of us shall pink (a cant word of the time for fighting) this impudent fellow." They threw—Lord Stair won.—Lord Mark Ker cried out, "Ah, Stair, Stair, you have been always more fortunate in life than me."

The noted Captain Roche, alias Tyger Roche, being some years since at the Bedford billiard-table, which was extremely crowded, as Roche was knocking the balls about with a cue, Major Williamson, with whom he was engaged on business, desired him to leave off, as he monopolized the table, and hindered gentlemen from playing—"Gentlemen," exclaimed Roche, with a sneer, "Why Major, except you and I, and two or three more, there is not a gentleman in the room; the rest are all black-legs by G—d." On leaving the place, the Major expressed some astonishment at his rudeness, and wondered, out of so numerous a company, it was not resented. "Oh, damn the scoundrels, Sir," said Roche, "there was no fear of that, as there was not a thief in the room that did not suppose himself one of the two or three gentlemen I mentioned."

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

THE Duchess was one day pressing the Duke to take a medicine, and with her usual warmth said, "I'll be hanged if it do not prove serviceable." Dr. Garth, who was present, exclaimed, "Do take it then, my Lord Duke; for it must be of service in one way or the other."

Mr. Sackling, a clergyman of Norfolk, having a quarrel with a neighbouring gentleman, who insulted him, and at last told him, "Doctor, your gown is your protection;" replied, "it may by mine, but it shall not be your's;" pulled it off, and thrashed the aggressor.

ANECDOTE.

A young country clergyman was lately boasting among his relations of having been educated at two Colleges:—"You remind me," said an aged divine present, "of an instance I knew of a calf that sucked two cows."—"What was the consequence?" said a third person.—"Why, Sir," replied the old gentleman, very gravely, "the consequence was, that he was a *very great calf*."

An Irish gentleman lately fought a duel with his intimate friend, because he jocosely asserted, that he was born without a shirt to his back!

Lord Edward Fitzgerald, by accounts from Ireland, has made his escape in *two* ships. His Lordship sailed from Belfast and Dublin *at the same time*.

The errors of the Irish press are sometimes whimsical. "We are happy to inform our readers, (says a Dublin Journal), that the account of the burning of the Marquis of Downshire's house is *premature*."

A young man of modest demeanour, yet not wanting in discernment

ment or spirit, being sent to India in the service of the East India Company, was recommended to a person high in station there, who had long been distinguished for pomposity of manners, and haughtiness in behaviour.—On delivery of his introductory epistle, the great man glanced his eye negligently over it, then receiving the youth with contempt, asked him sternly his name, and whence he came? Being answered in respectful terms, he then asked him, "What is your father?" "A tradesman, Sir." "And why did he not keep you at home, and make a tradesman of you?" "Because, Sir, his friends thought it would be better that I should seek my fortune in India?" "More fools they," replied he rudely. "And now, Sir," said the youth, bowing most submissively, "as you have thus closely questioned me, may I presume to ask one question of you?" "Well!" said Signor Pomposo, "what have you to ask?" "Pray tell me, good Sir, what your father was?" "A gentleman, to be sure." "Indeed, Sir!" "Aye, blockhead." "What a pity it is that he did not make a gentleman of you, that you might have known how to conduct yourself with civility to a stranger."

It was for some time in doubt whether the House of Commons was not to have sat on Good Friday for the purpose of receiving the Report of the Land-tax Resolutions. Such a procedure, however unusual, would not be wholly without a precedent. The late Lord Mansfield once appointed the Friday in Passion Week for the trial of an important cause, and was only diverted from his purpose by the humour of Serjeant Davey.—"Your Lordship," said the witty Serjeant, "may not recollect that you are fixing the cause for *Good Friday*." "No matter," replied the Judge, "the better day the better deed."—"It may be so," retorted the barrister, "but in that case you will be the first to sit in judgment on that day since the time of *Pontius Pilate!*"

Should a Camp be formed in Windsor Forest, there will be no necessity for discontinuing the *Royal Hunt*, as there will be plenty of *Bucks* for the occasion.

A man, found guilty of a burglary and robbery before Justice Day in Ireland, shrewdly observed, that he lost by *day* what he got by *night*.

The reason a *certain Alderman* engaged so deeply in the *Greenland fisheries*, was the *peculiar advantage* he expected to derive from going himself to the North Seas, where the *rays* of his *nose* would prevent the frost from interrupting his industry.

IMPROMPTU,

On reading a Notice to the Creditors of HOMER, a Linen-draper, and lately a Bankrupt.

That *Homer* should a Bankrupt be,
Is not so very *Od-d'ye-see*—
Since (but perhaps I'm wrong instructed),
Most *ill-be-had* his Books conducted.

A presentation to a Rectory is this month advertised to be *sold*. "The *advantages* are many; Parsonage-house large, extensive gardens, wall-fruit, coach-house, &c. &c. the Rector Lord of the Manor, and holds a Court Baron; Royalties extensive, near one thousand acres; Glebe considerable, valuable mines in the wastes, plenty of game, and the annual value of the living Six Hundred Pounds."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

FROM A PARIS PAPER.

ON the 12th of Nivose (March) a she wolf, roaming about the Commune of Pierrefonds, in the department of the Oise, and rendered furious by hunger, seized by the head a child of six years old, which was walking in the hand of its mother. The poor woman had nothing to defend her infant with but her wooden shoes, with which she struck the wolf repeatedly on the head. At last the wolf let go her hold and fled, carrying with her one of the wooden shoes, which she had seized with her teeth.

Following the same road in the Commune, the animal attacked a girl of twelve, seized her by the thigh, threw her down, gave her a large wound under the ear, extending from the top of the neck towards the breast, and did not abandon her prey until terrified by the noise of several women, and fatigued by the blows of sticks with which they beat her.

The wolf was afterwards seen going into a coppice, but while the people who went in pursuit of her explored the wood, she took a turn into the Commune. Finding a yard door open, she entered it, and attacked a girl of nineteen. Not being able to reach her head, she tore her arm. A woman, however, succeeded in driving her off with a broom stick.

At some distance from the place the wolf met a child of eight years old in an avenue, threw it down, tore off its scalp, wounded the skull, and endeavoured to carry away the infant.

At this moment two men armed with pistols attacked the wolf, which quitted the head of the child when she saw the first one approach, but soon seized it again by the neck. The first man then gave her a push with his pike in the throat. The wolf then left her prey, and turned upon her adversary, who very adroitly gave her a second push in the same place, which made a large wound. The second man wounded the animal in the loins. She then endeavoured to escape, biting and trailing along the pike which had fallen out of the hands of her enemy, but the two men pursued her. The one gave her another push with his pike, the other took hold of his pike, pulled it out of the body of the animal, and replunged it in again. A third man at last came to them, and assisted in putting an end to the savage animal.

The wolf was dissected, but there was nothing found in her stomach except an eye, supposed to be of an horned animal, and the skin of the child's head, still covered with hair. Two of the victims of her voracity are in the greatest danger.

The Minister of the interior, on being informed of the above circumstances, instantly remitted to the Central Administration of the Oise, one hundred and fifty francs, being the reward appointed by law for killing a wolf, and one hundred and fifty francs more for the benefit of those who have been wounded.

On Friday, the 30th ult. as Mr. Ansell, glazier, and Mr. Joseph Cumberland, of Norwich, were returning in a chaise cart from snipe shooting, by the motion of the carriage, or some other accident, the gun slipped, went off, and unfortunately fractured Mr. Ansell's arm in so shocking a manner, as to make immediate amputation necessary.—The effect produced by the powerful concussion of the air was remarkable: Mr. Chamberlain believed

lieved for a ſhort time time that he had received the contents of the piece in his breaſt; it had, however, only ſlightly lacerated and cauſed a conſiderable ſwelling there, without doing any other injury to his cloaths than ſoiling his outward garment.

A very ſingular circumſtance, bearing ſome analogy to Mr. Melliſh's caſe, happened at Great Torrington, in the county of Devon, towards the end of the year 1796. A young man was ſhot through the head, and lived upwards of two months after. He was a farmer's ſon in the neighbourhood of Lord Rolle, and had been ſhooting at a ring-dove, when the breech-pin was forced out by the gun being diſcharged backwards, and ſunk into his forehead over the right eye. —The writer of this ſaw the young man frequently, apparently in good health ſix weeks afterwards. A little after this period he was ſeized with ſickneſs, and a ſwelling appeared on his head, when a ſurgeon extracted the piece of iron three inches and a quarter in length, and three ounces weight. The ſurgeon's name is Mr. Waldron, of Great Torrington, to whom reference may be made.

An extraordinary circumſtance happened lately at Naſh, near Winſlow, Buckinghamſhire:—As a butcher was employed one evening to viſcerate a mare, which had died from ſome cauſe unknown, he happened accidently to break a ſmall hole in one of the inteſtines, upon which the wind iſſued out with impetuoſity, and immediately became ignited, flaſhing up to the height of five or ſix feet, and ſinged the butcher's hair in its paſſage, his hat being off; after which it continued to flame from the broken place for the ſpace of ſeveral minutes. It is ſuppoſed to have taken fire from a candle which the owner of the mare held in his hand. How this inflammable air became generated there, remains a myſtery for philoſophers to determine, as no medicine had been given her.

GAMING-HOUSE.

On Tueſday the 10th inſtant, about nine o'clock, Mr. Lavender, the principal Clerk at Bow-ſtreet, attended by a party of peace officers, went to ſearch a houſe, No. 19, Great Suffolk-ſtreet, Haymarket, againſt which an information had been laid for gaming, but which coſt them near an hour's ſiege before they could effect an entrance, two very ſtout doors, ſtrongly bolted and barred, obſtructing their way in the paſſage; which circumſtance gave all the gameſters, except one, an opportunity of eſcaping, and this unfortunate diſciple of chance, getting over to the yard of an adjoining houſe, was diſcovered and ſecured. His companions made good their retreat by a ſubterraneous paſſage through a long range of cellars communicating with each other, and terminating at a houſe in Hedge-lane, from whence their leader, having the keys of every door, conducted them ſafe into the ſtreet; ſo that they were out of danger long before the officers could have have got in.—A *Rouge et Noir* table, with its appendages, was brought away, and produced before the Magiſtrate, who, judging that and the other circumſtances ſufficient evidence of its being a gaming-houſe, committed the porter for trial accordingly, and bound the other perſon over as a witneſs.

On Eaſter Monday information was given at the Exciſe Office, that a party of ſmugglers, with three loaded

loaded carts, would reach town that day (by way of Croydon,) together with one full of small arms, and that they would no doubt make a desperate resistance. A party of Officers and a company of Dragoons were sent, and met them, as described, near Croydon, but only found in company with the carts (besides the drivers) two persons, of the names of Johnson and Tapsell, who were well known in the smuggling trade, the others having returned, supposing the goods to be out of danger. The carts were seized, and the men apprehended and lodged in the New Gaol, in the Borough, where they were accommodated with an apartment, the window of which faced a Court-yard that led up to the door of the Gaol. About eleven o'clock on Wednesday morning, April 18, a person requested to see the prisoners, who it appears had previously put fire arms through the iron grates of the window where the prisoners were. This person remained in conference for some time, when Johnson requested one of the turnkies to go to the apartment where he slept to fetch him his sleeve buttons, and while he was gone the visitor asked the other turnkey to let him out. The outer door being opened for that purpose, Johnson and his comrade burst suddenly out of the room, and each presented to the turnkey a blunderbuss, and prevented him from shutting the door; he suffered them to escape, but supposing as they had irons on under their trowsers, he would be able, with assistance, to overtake and secure them; but their plan was too well executed, for a person had been waiting for two hours before the prison with three very capital horses to assist their escape; and he was also furnished with arms; these horses they mounted, and threatened with instant death any person who offered to molest them! they then went off full speed, to the great astonishment of a number of spectators. The person who held their horses while they mounted was secured, and underwent an examination at Union Hall, and afterwards was committed to the New Gaol.

"A RIGHTEOUS MAN REGARD-
"ETH THE LIFE OF HIS BEAST."
Proverbs, c. xii. v. 10.

An Innkeeper in Liverpool lately lost one of his chaise-horses, which, after being worn out in his service, was condemned to the tan-yard; when the driver (who had travelled the road with him many years, and had contracted a kind of familiarity or friendship for the horse) to prevent what he thought would be an *ignominious* diffection of him at the tanner's, paid, from his slender pittance, five shillings for the carcase, and five more for the expence of having it (as he expressed himself) "decently buried in a neighbouring field:" the man could not restrain a tear of tenderness which dropped over the grave, and other marks and expressions of sensibility, that would not have disgraced *some* in superior stations of life on such an occasion. His good usage of this beast, and others, when *living*, while it does credit to his feelings as an enemy to cruelty, is well worthy of imitation, the frequent conduct of horse drivers, as well as owners, being quite the reverse. In the treatment of these docile and useful animals, we should never lose sight of justice and humanity, for it may be said with propriety that there is a moral obligation between a man and his horse.

A member of a lottery club, in Ancoat's lane, last month received a let-

a letter of advice, that one of their tickets was drawn a blank.—This profitless information, he communicated to two or three more members, who agreed to play what they term a *trick* upon the rest of the society, by erasing the word *Blank*, and substituting *Ten Thousand Pounds*.—This was done so ingeniously as to succeed.—The mind almost implicitly subscribes a belief to what the heart wishes. The members were instantaneously transformed into Nabobs—one (a cotton spinner) talked of a country-house—another (a fustian-cutter) would have a carriage—in short, they were all as rich as a South-sea Company—in idea.—This *dream* of greatness was, alas! but momentary—sober reflection was banished for the day—and the next morning they found themselves poorer by so many hours loss of time and dissipation. This may be called a *good joke* by those who practised it; for our parts, if we may be permitted to assimilate human *wit* to a *lottery-wheel*, may not the heads of these wiseacres be said to be little better than *Blanks?*

Sir Charles Bamfylde has undertaken to drink, in one hour, two gallons of *Bath water*, for a wager of One Hundred Guineas.

ARCHERY.

A memorial has been put into the hands of the Duke of York, stating the advantages which might result from employing a numerous band of Archers to act in concert with the Cavalry on the Coast.

One day this month, a curious race was run between a blacksmith and a barber, near Prescot, which afforded infinite diversion. Vulcan, *tied in a sack*, was to run, or rather shuffle, over four hundred yards, and the Shaver, at perfect liberty, was to traverse two thousand. The former, in the technical phrase, won by *half a neck*, although he had two tumbles.

WILD BEASTS, &c.

Two very beautiful Royal Tigers have lately been sent to his Majesty, as a present from the Peshwah. They were fed, during the voyage, with beef, mutton, pork, and poultry. They devoured above four hundred fowls in their passage from Bombay to the Cape. The largest, from his peculiar dexterity in plucking them, obtained the title of the Poulterer.

The superb elephants taken from the Menagerie of the late Stadtholder have arrived at Paris. They were conveyed each in a particular cage. When these animals were conducted to the Museum of Natural History (says a Parisian Journalist) there is no expression of pleasure, nor mark of attachment, which they did not shew, and their satisfaction was so great, that, amidst their cries of joy, they were seen even to shed tears!

It has been often remarked that the foxes in Scotland, when hunted, do not run with that spirit and perseverance that afford such long chases and excellent sport as in the Sister Kingdom. The following, however, is an instance of the contrary: Mr. Barclay, of Ury's Hounds, whose success in hunting has been remarkable this season, started a fox some days ago, which they at last killed, after a run of between thirty and forty miles.

The

The live bears, which were kept by the Senate of Berne in the ditches of that city, are on their way for the Muſeum of Natural Hiſtory at Paris.

On Saturday, April the 7th, George Petch, ſervant to James Dormer, Eſq. of Richmond, Yorkſhire, undertook for a wager of Five Guineas, to walk five miles and an half within the hour, which he performed with great apparent eaſe on the Catterick Road, in fifty-four minutes.

A REMARKABLE HAND AT WHIST.

A gentleman at the laſt Richmond Aſſembly, had dealt him four honours and ten trumps.

On Monday the 9th of April, one Joſeph Chapman, a labourer, at Capel, near Horſham, devoured for a luncheon, twenty eggs with a proportionable quantity of bread, and twenty glaſſes of Holland's gin, which were given him; and in the evening of the ſame day, he expreſſed a deſire for a quartern loaf, twelve herrings, twenty eggs, a gallon of ſtrong beer, and twenty glaſſes of gin more, which he alſo devoured, with no other ill effect than that of a giddineſs in his head, as he termed it the next morning.

One Emanuel Guzman, barber (a diſciple of *Heliogabulus*) died this month in Monmouthſhire, of exceſſive *eating*. It is a curious fact, that the coroner's jury brought in a verdict, *felo de ſe*.

One day laſt month, a cheſnut horſe, the property of Mr. Cooper of Fen Ditton, trotted twelve miles within the hour, on the turnpike road from four-mile ſtables to the mile ſtone near Barrow bottom, for twenty guineas. He had two minutes to ſpare.

Faro, in the female circles of faſhion, has lately given way to a more ſpecious and alluring game, called *Lottery*, which, inſtead of wheels, conſiſts of two bags, from which prizes and blanks are drawn. The proprietor derives an advantage of upwards of thirty per cent.

On Monday, April 9, the long depending ſailing match took place for a conſiderable ſum, between Minſhaw's Fox and the Cobham (late Lord Darnley's yacht). They ſtarted from Graveſend about nine in the morning, with a light wind at S. E. and till they were near Holy Haven, the Fox was a head; but being obliged to put about on account of a brig, the Cobham gave her the go by, and went round the Nore Lights ſeven minutes before the Fox. It was now ten to one in favour of the Cobham, who had at leaſt two miles the beſt of it. Every exertion was now made on board the Fox, that art or ſkill could think of, and, to the aſtoniſhment of all preſent, after a run of near forty miles, by her ſuperior ſailing, beat her opponent by only (ſpeaking in the ſportive ſtile) half a neck. The knowing ones all taken in—ſeven to four, and two to one in favour of the Cobham at ſtarting; and upwards of one thouſand guineas depending.

On Eaſter Monday, a Welch main of cocks was fought at Crowland, and won by Robert Adams's grey cock Duck Wing, weighing 3lb. 15oz. for the large Lincolnſhire hog, the weight of which was, leaf, 4ſt. 7lb. kell and midrim 2ſt. carcaſe, 40ſt. 1lb. weighing in all 55ſt. 8lb.

POE-

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A MONODY,

Recited in the JOCKY CLUB on the supposed Demise of good OLD Q.

"*Non mortes, sed mores, faciunt martyres.*"
ST. AUSTIN."

SNUG, but done up, a shepherd grey,
Must rot beneath the sod;
Cherubs, in cotton wrap his heart,
And bear it to *his* God.

The gem of Piccadilly's lost,
The first or last of men.
Take him, bright heav'n! Newmarket roar'd,
And Epsom groan'd, amen!

Spadille and Basto hung their ears;
Pam snivell'd and look'd sad;
The Queen of Hearts with envy gaz'd,
And all the Knaves were mad.

He's borrow'd—he's gone home—he's dish'd!
He's thrown—his Race is done!
He's had—he's smash'd—he's tipt all nine!
He's spilt—he's cut and run!

He's will'd Dame Phillips all his skin;
To Liptrap all his spirit;
His brains St. Luke's, his blood to Brookes,
To B—thby all his merit.

When ragged virtue 'neath a hedge,
His dexter eye survey'd,
Begash'd and gor'd by sportive fate,
He cheered the half-clad maid.

The beatitudes were all his own;
He copied Israel's Kings;
Cover'd her nakedness with care,
And fed her with good things.

More like Samaritan than Thane,
Eschewing mortal sin,
He grop'd to find the Lady's wound,
And pour'd his balsam in.

Ah! lifeless, luckless, starless Q.!
Cupid's *bonne bouche* and dread;
The nymphs y'clep'd cyprian, shall trim,
And make him *decent*—dead!

That is, if death, and hell, or Jove,
Or Tipstaff—which you will—
While ladies finger his remains,
Can make the Peer lie still.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY,

ON THE

DEATH OF A GREY MARE.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari captis? præcipe lugubres
Cantus, Melpomene, &c.

YOUND Academus all alone,
In moping melancholy moan,
Indulg'd his griefs harmonious flow,
While numbers sooth'd and prompted woe.

"Must we, ah! must the dearest part?
Deeply the loss afflicts my heart;
Each trembling nerve is lax with pain,
And dull the pulse of every vein.

"Oh! say what magic, what relief
Can raise me from this gulph of grief.
Tell me, can med'cine e'er be found
To cure the mind's impatient wound?
To mitigate the pangs I bear,
And bring me back my fav'rite mare?
Where were ye then, ye Moorcrofts sage,
Ye horse-machaons of the age;
When jockey'd by the speed of death,
Grey broke her wind, and slipt her breath?

"Tho' all, 'tis true, or soon or late,
Must some time yield to mighty fate,
And tread the gloomy realms of night,
As Plato, and his followers write;
Tho' strive and struggle all we can,
Death beats the horse, and throws the man.

Could not thy charms, my fav'rite *Grey*,
Bribe the possession of a day,
A while retard the cruel dart,
Or turn its fury from thy heart?"

"Erst, bounteous Jove, as fable shows,
Wou'd listen e'en to mortal vows;
When one, by nature, apt to fall in
That kind of love call'd Caterwauling;
To taste the joys of social life,
Begg'd that his cat might be his wife:
Nor begg'd in vain, Jove heard his pray'r,
And puss became a lady fair.
Whence some, tho' the inference be rude,
That they've been cats, e'er since conclude.
Alas! my thoughts could ne'er aspire
To such intemperate desire;
I only pray'd relentless fate,
To grant poor *Grey* a longer date:
Jove would not hear the rider's pray'r
When Death rode post, and took my mare."

"Let rising clouds drink up it's light,
And lay it level with the night;
Let rattling showers and tempests rise,
And storms envelope all the skies:
In noisy peals, from pole to pole,
Let the tremendous thunder roll:
Let peace from ev'ry bosom fly;
The jovial weep, the merry sigh.
Let mourning blacken all below,
And nature wear the garb of woe;
Since *Grey*, sad-fated favourite, died,
And I have got no mare to ride.

"No more, ye wanton fillies play,
And frisk it o'er the fields away;
Since she, for whose delight you play'd
Is nothing now but empty shade.
Ye faithful beagles too, who trace
The doubling hare thro' ev'ry maze,
Vain shall you cops, or thicket try,
No hound shall ope, no scent shall lie,
Since death has seized my fav'rite mare,
For whose delight you chac'd the hare."

"Ye matchless belles of Albion's isle,
Who *sweetly sing*, or *softly smile*,
Who lov'd to see the winding chace,
Or fleeter pleasures of the race;
To flow'ry garlands bid adieu,
And wear the cypress or the yew."

"For *Grey* deceas'd, the road and field,
Nor use, as late, nor pleasure yield."

SNIPE SHOOTING.

When gelid frosts encrust the faded ground,
And dreary winter clouds the scene around;
The timid snipes fly to the sedgy rills,
Or seek the plashes on the upland hills.
The sportsman, now, wakes with the gleaming morn,
His gun makes fit, refils his pouch and horn,
And to the swampy meadow takes his way,
With sport and exercise to crown the day.
See first how curiously he scans the sedge,
Then warily proceeds along the edge:
His piece is cock'd, and in position right,
To meet his shoulder readily and light.
But yet, more cautiously he treads beside,
The well-known plash, where most he thinks to hide
The dappled bird—and from the rushy stream,
Frighten'd she rises, with a piercing scream.
His tube the fowler points with steady sight,
And seeks to trace her thro' her rapid flight;
Whilst o'er the field she tries each artful wile,
And crooked turn his level to beguile.
Her slender wings swift cut the bouyant air,
'Till distance gives her as a mark more fair:
Now glancing, just the marksman gets his aim,
His ready finger doth the trigger strain.
He fires—the fatal shot unerring flies,
The snipe is struck, she flutters, bleeds, and dies.

PARODY.

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my shooting!
This is the way of a sportsman: to-day he comes from town
With fowling piece, and dogs; to-morrow shoots,
And bears his hares, and woodcocks thick about him;
The third day comes a thaw, a flabby thaw,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
Next morn to shoot again, nips his sport,
And then he thinks as I do.—I have ventur'd
From a little careless boy that shot at sparrows,
These many winters in woods, and swampy moors;
But got bad colds and chills—my love for sport
At length fled from me, and now has left me:
Tired and cool'd with shooting, expos'd to the sneers
Of a rude set, that will for ever plague me;
Vain sports and pleasures of the gun, I hate ye;

I feel

I feel my eyes new open'd. Oh! how foolish
Is that poor man, whose whole delight's in shooting!
There is, betwixt that dexterity we would aspire to,
That sweet steadiness of aim, and our attaining it,
More pains and troubl than either hunting or the anglers have;
And when he shoots, let him shoot ne'er so well,
He yet may miss his aim.

E. M.

DAMON AND PHYLLIS.

YOUNG Damon long had Phyllis lov'd
And but a single kiss requir'd,
Yet still remain'd the fair unmov'd,
Refusing what the swain desir'd,
Whene'er his wish he ventur'd to declare,
With frowning rage she answer'd, "Fool forbear!"

"Thine are these ribbons," he would say,
"And these red garters—grant but "this,
"That ere the Summer's past away,
"I may expect one balmy kiss."
She views the gifts—smiles—praises them—and lo!
Returns them to him with a frosty—"No!"

"'Tis well;" cried he, "since you reject
"My proffer'd love, and scorn my "pain,
"I now forbid you to expect
"A kiss from Damon to obtain,"
"Be not," she said, "on my account dis- "trest,
"For such a wish will ne'er disturb my "breast."

She laugh'd. Young Damon left the maid,
And hied away to tend his sheep;
And while upon the bank he laid,
Opprest with care, he sunk to sleep.
It chanc'd that prudish Phyllis, as she pass'd,
A glance upon the slumbering shepherd cast.

Now Cupid's vengeance lights on her.
"How sweet," she cried, "those ruby "lips!
"Did I not fear his watchful cur,
"I'd venture,"—then away she trips;
But trips not far, for all her bosom burns,
Thrice she essays to fly—and thrice returns.

Where, Phyllis, is thy prud'ry now?
The wary dog she first caress'd;
And then she knelt—then bending low,
Her lips on Damon gently press'd.
What bliss extatic vibrates to her brain!
What thrilling transports shoot thro' ev'ry vein.

No more fair Phyllis now is coy,
Nor can the lovely youth forsake;
Until, at length, to check her joy,
Her ardent kisses Damon wake.
"Thou here!" cried he, with sleep still half opprest,
"Am I not then allow'd one hour of "rest?"

"Nay, be not angry," Phyllis said,
"But think it all a harmless joke,
"I'm sure 'twas with your dog I play'd:
"How could I help it, if you woke?
"But come, at once to put an end to this,
"What will you give me, Damon, for a "kiss?"

"What will I give!" return'd the swain;
"(So, Madam, you begin to rue),
"Nought. Since you've us'd me with "disdain,
"The payment, I expect from you."
"Heigho!" cried Phyllis, "you must "have it, then."
—And for each single kiss, she gave him—ten.

HUGO.

THE AUCTIONEER.

A Period, pass'd over, I'll bring back to view,
When the Sons of the *Hammer* were wont to tell true,
Then the Buyer saw timber and ground, brick and stone,
Not with Auctioneer's eyes—but he saw with his own.

Now assembled all ranks, from the Knight to the Clown,
To see an estate of some value, knock'd down:
All attentive, while round the great table are seated,
Are able to *pay*—yet submit to be *treated!*

"But five thousand pounds! Gemmen, "what are you doing?
"Five thousand one hundred—a going, a "going:

 "The

"The lands are most fertile, the buildings
"are good,
"The premises grac'd with a fine *Hanging*
"*Wood*.

"Where about, Sir, this beautiful wood
"can I see?
"I've examin'd the whole, yet can scarce
"find a tree."

"What! been over the premises, yet
"not descry'd it.
"If you'd had half an eye, Sir, you
"must have espy'd it;
"Pass close to the orchard, and over the
"fallows,
"Then turn to the left, and you'll come
"to the *Gallows*."

W. HUTTON.

Birmingham, April 10, 1798.

To the FOWL STEALER who threaten'd that the "Crowing of a Cock "should not be heard within ten "miles of his neighbourhood."

CONSIDER fellow, what you do,
Your threat, if realiz'd, YOU'LL rue,
As did the POULTERER of old
Who kill'd his Goose for Eggs of Gold;
Or like WILL PITT, who lost a mine
Of Guineas, by his tax on wine!—
Kill every Cock! Idea crude!
How will you get a future Brood?
Tho' ev'ry CAPON in the land
Die Martyr to thy mur'drous hand,
In common prudence spare the COCK,
The good wife's larum, poor man's clock,
Depriv'd of Time-piece, let them hear
The rousing notes of CHANTICLEER;
Let COCKS in comfort eat *their bread*,
Secure on dunghills let them tread.
Nor wage like Ministers, too far,
Your ill-advised, bloody war,
For surely, if you still their tails,
You'll STARVE,——or visit NEW SOUTH
WALES!

PARTLETT.

EPITAPH

IN THE CHURCH-YARD OF YARMOUTH.

HERE lies the body of Thomas
Hooper,
When he was *young* and *lusty*, he was a
trooper;
When old and feeble—a maker of jumps
and stays,
And for fitting and fine shapes deserved
great praise.
By his death, our crooked maidens will
crooked appear;
For so cunning a workman is not left behind here.
Though *stays* he made, he could no longer
stay below,
But being ordered to *troop off*, to fresh quarters he did go;
And though *jumps* for our maidens he
made o'er and o'er,
He never made such a *jump* as this before!

THE SEAT OF WAR

ON A LADY'S FAN.

WITH small, or no propriety, my fair,
A Map of warring Germany you
bear:
Let me a picture much more fit impart;
Wear rather on your fan—a *Lover's Heart*.
To speak the meaning, let it bleed and flame,
And, underneath it, write the wretch's name,
The title then will suit you better far:
A Lover's Heart indeed's a *Seat of War*;
War which you quickly can command to
cease,
Just tell him that you *love*—and all is PEACE.

THE SIMPLE TRUTH MOST SIMPLY TOLD.

AN EPIGRAM.

HONEST Teague, when return'd from
a trip to the North,
For to Lapland 'twas said he had been:
Was questioned—"If during his cold win-
"try birth,
"Whether any Rein Deer he had seen?"

When says he, "By my Sowle, as the truth
"I regard,
"I was stationed there almost a year;
"And sometimes, in the Summer, it rain'd
"very hard,
"But I never once saw it rain Deer!

BRUSH.

LINES WRITTEN AT AN INN, BY A TRAVELLER.

LIFE is a Journey, and this World an
Inn,
Some that alight scarce step the door within;
Some stay and breakfast, and then haste away,
Some stop and dine, some linger out the day,
Till noise and riot stun the aged head,
Who then, with tott'ring steps, retires to bed:
His long account next morning he must pay,
His wish how vain—that short had been his
stay.

B.